

SNAPS

A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

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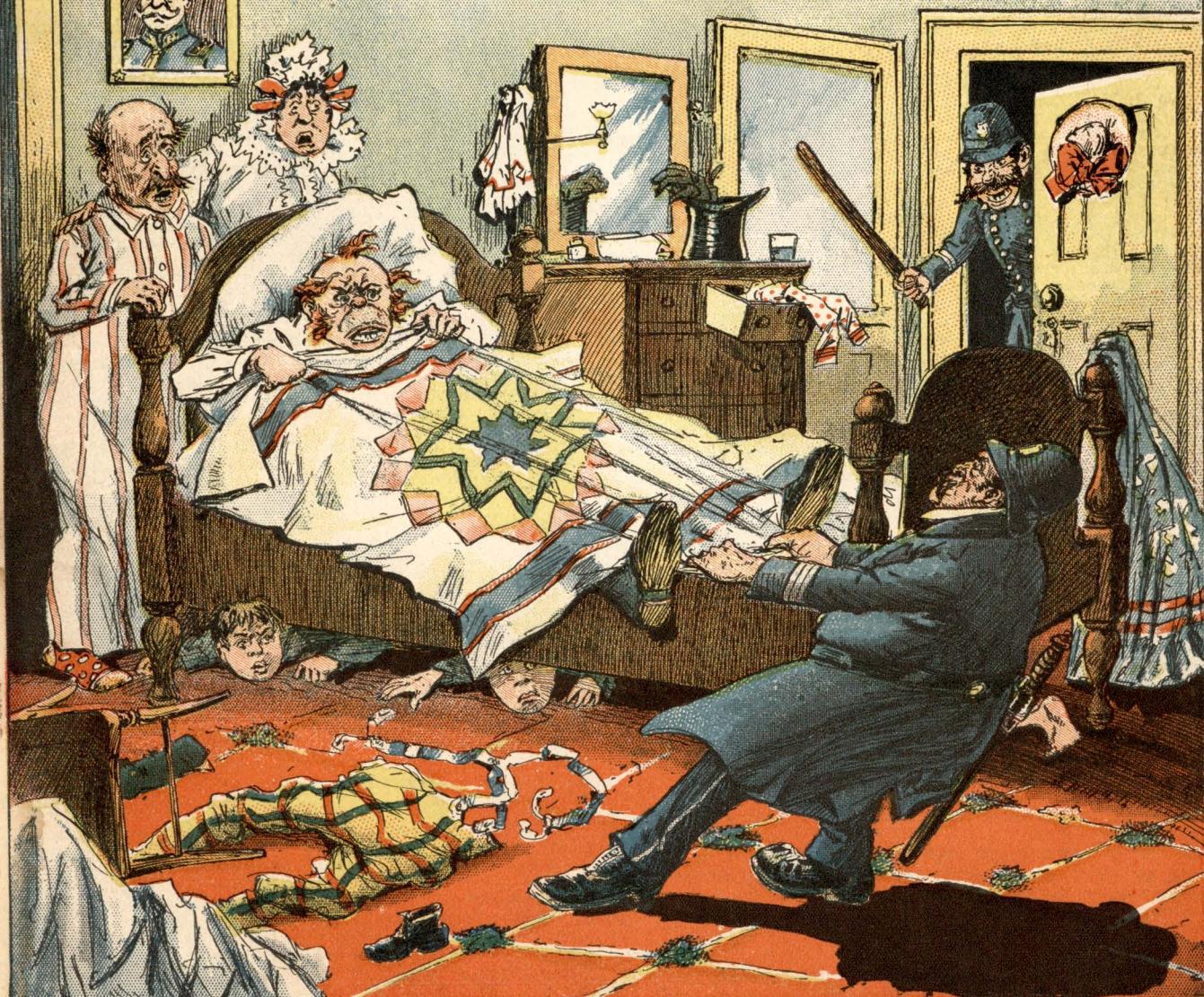
No. 14.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

THE TROUBLES OF TERRENCE MULDOON.

BY TOM TEASER.



Policeman Jones snatched the quilt. "Get up!" he shouted to Muldoon. "Arrest him," begged the man behind the bed; "he's got a pistol." "And a razor," joined in his wife. "And a spear," "and a gun," "and a putty-blower," yelled the children from under the bed.

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No. 14.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

The Troubles of Terrence Muldoon.

BY TOM TEASER.

CHAPTER I.

Terrence Muldoon was a somewhat eccentric Irishman of about middle age, living in the city of New York, possessed of ample means if not what you might call rich, shrewd in some ways and as gullible as a countryman in others.

He had made money in Dublin, sold out, come to the United States and taken up his residence in New York, where he had connections by marriage.

In Dublin he had been known as Muldoon, the Solid Man, and the title stuck to him when he came to New York, and it was not long before he was known by it from the Battery to Harlem, and even across the bridge, and so, as Muldoon, the Solid Man, he is now introduced to the thousands of readers of "Snaps."

Muldoon, at the time the reader makes his acquaintance, is living in the upper part of the city in a snug little cottage which he has recently bought, and which he has christened "The Shamrock," after the manner of persons who rent country houses and call them by fancy and often most inappropriate names.

With him is his nephew, young Roger O'Malley, an Irish-American boy of just the right age to enjoy fun and put up jokes on people, most of all upon his uncle Muldoon.

Many a joke has he worked off upon Muldoon, and yet the Solid Man is fond of him, albeit he has said more than once that he will kill that boy some day when he is up to his tricks.

Not being obliged to work for a living, Muldoon enjoyed himself in many ways, and one of these ways was falling in love with the Widow Halorahan, a neighbor of his.

He bought an accordeon and a book of instructions, and proceeded to learn "The Last Rose of Summer," much to the misery of the neighbors, so that he might serenade the widow and capture her heart by the aid of music.

At last he was ready and one night he sat out to serenade his lady love, first letting her know, prudent lover that he was, that he was coming.

The widow told a friend in strict confidence, and long before Muldoon's arrival the great secret was known to a score of persons.

Among them was Bobby Burke, just such another as Roger, and his chum to boot.

Well, Muldoon set out with his accordeon under his arm and a dream of love in his heart, and at the witching hour of midnight stood beneath the widow's window and began to pour out his tale of love through the medium of an instrument he was not too well acquainted with.

"Arrah," he murmured, as he wrestled with the accordeon, "I wonder why the widdy don't wake up, and throw me a bokay and a diamond ring. Bedad, I'm catching cowld in me fate. I'd rather drive a dirt cart than play an accordeon. It's too near related to worruk."

Just then a voice whispered from a window:

"Give it to him, boys."

Muldoon heard it.

He thought that he recognized the widow's dulcet articulation.

"Here comes me reward—sponge cake and poi," he greefully chuckled, and put an extra variation into the "Last Rose."

He was wrong.

Very much so.

Suddenly a brick knocked him over, then a shower of coal and slops descended upon him.

Whack! came a boot against his head.

Bang! landed an empty soda-water bottle on his nose.

Crash! sounded a water-pitcher as it smashed his hat over his eyes and broke on the sidewalk.

"Howly Heaven!" shouted Muldoon, more dead than alive, "what in the devil has exploded?"

Wheeze! went his cherished accordeon as a base-ball, skillfully slung by Roger, clubbed the stuffings out of him.

Muldoon started to get up.

Half of a chair took him in the stomach and forced him to sit down again.

"Be Heaven, it's a furniture store that has burst—it's raining chairs. Tin to wan they'll slug me wid a grand pianny, nixt!" moaned he.

"Oh, kill the cat!" said a voice from the window.

"Hit it in the jaw!"

"Knock it's tail off!"

"Hold on—I'll kill him with the lounge."

"Don't—take the bed!"

"No; I'll use the gun! It's loaded with horse-shoe nails and railroad spikes."

Thus talked the voice from the window.

"Moses Holy!" Muldoon gasped, "the suckers take me for a cat, an' they're going to shoot me wid a gun. Whirra! whirra! it's a foine corpse I'll make wid me body stuck full av horse-shoe nails and railroad spikes.

"Do you see that cat?" asked one of the voices.

"Yes," responded a second.

"Got a bead on him?"

"Yes; I'll knock him stiff. Coming around here waking every one up with his damned yowling. Guess I'll put a flat-iron in the gun, though, so's to be sure of killing the thing."

"Flat-iron!" ejaculated Muldoon, "shoot me wid a flat-iron. Why the devil don't they load wid a whole stove. Faix, I'll tell them that I am no damned cat."

Staggering to his feet, he yelled out:

"Hey, ye devils!"

"Who's that?" answered Roger.

Muldoon knew the voice.

"It's that foine young angel av a nephew av mine," he groaned. "I might have suspected it. I belave that if I was buried sixteen fates in solid rock that spaldeen would dig down

an' blow me out av me coffin wid fire-crackers, just for devility. Roger O'Malley, is that you?"

"Yes," replied Roger, sweetly.

"How did ye get up there?"

"Grew."

"Phat do yez mane by bombarding av me?"

"Who are you?"

"Sure your cheek is lustrous. I am your Uncle Muldoon."

"In a horn. What are you giving me—glue?"

"Who the devil am I then?"

"A cat, of course."

Muldoon began to feel somewhat staggered.

"Roger's a lunatic," he reflected, "he is a maniac. Begob, I believe that I have made a mistake an' serenaded an insane asylum!"

Then in a louder tone of voice he remarked:

"Roger, will yez play light on yer funniness and come down?"

"Scat, Pussy!" was Roger's reply.

"Oh, don't waste time chinning to a cat," interrupted Bobby Burke, "heave the bureau at it."

"That's it, ye spalpeen," yelled Muldoon, getting mad. "Fire the whole house if yez desire. Wait till I get a balloon an' I'll come up an' lick the gang av yez," and he made an attempt to sling his wrecked accordoion at them.

As luck would have it, just then the fair widow poked her head out of her window.

Muldoon's aim was bad, and instead of hitting the boys, the accordoion stopped on the widow's nose.

Of course she gave a shriek of surprise and terror.

She caught sight of Muldoon, but did not recognize him in his tattered and torn condition.

"Help—help!" cried she; "police! there's a darty tramp outside that's kilt me wid a slung shot! If I had a pistol I'd kill him."

"Be Heaven!" Muldoon wailed, "if I stay around here much longer it is assaulting me wid a cannon somebody will be. I wonder does the widdy know me? Widdy, dear!"

Mrs. Halorahan vented her feelings in a second shriek.

"He is calling me dear," said she, "the brassy impudence av the rascal. Next he'll be axin' me to come out in the mud-gutter an' hug him!"

"Don't yez know me?" asked Muldoon.

"Niver!"

"I'm yer own Terry."

"Yez are a thaving liar!" squarely responded she; "me Terry is a gentleman, not a dhrunken fool. Help! police! murdher!"

Strange to say, a policeman heard her cries. Stranger still, he was man enough to answer.

He came up on a run.

"What's up?" asked he.

"I've woke up a retreat for idiots, that's all, sur," politely replied Muldoon, edging away.

"Arrist him!" cried the widow.

"That's the cheese. Run him in on a hand-cart to the Isle de Blackell," put in Roger.

"Arrest who?" asked the officer.

"That caricature by yez," answered the widow.

The peeler grabbed Muldoon by the collar.

"What's the charge?" said he.

"He tried to steal the house!" shouted Roger.

"Wanted to carry off the coal-hole," groaned Bobby Burke.

"He didn't," vociferated the widow; "he hit me in the gums wid an ash-barrel, the villain!"

"They're giving ye taffy," pleaded Muldoon; "don't yez moind them, darlint. Let go av me shoulder, plaze."

By way of reply the policeman tightened his grip.

"Will you make a charge against him, madame?" he queried.

"Every day in the week, sir, an' twice Sundays."

"Then I'll just take him along. I think I know him."

"I wouldn't mention it if I wuz ye. Who is he?"

"Red-headed Mike; he belongs to the Hook gang."

Muldoon's face was a picture of astonishment, and a picture of dirty astonishment at that.

"Who am I?" he asked.

"You konw well enough, my covey. You're Red-headed Mike. Come right along, Mike, or else I'll have to put the handcuffs on."

"Nixt yez'll be telling me that I'm Blue-eared Jake, remarked Muldoon. "Faix, ye're another maniac. Why did I go serenadin' at all?"

"Oh, come off!" sarcastically said the officer. "Your innocent patter is too stale. You're wanted at headquarters, anyhow."

"What for?"

"Stealing a rowboat at Yonkers."

"Why don't yez make it a hay-barge an' say I stole it at Cape Cod?" defiantly returned Muldoon. "Take yer dirty paws off av me."

The gallant cop grabbed him by the throat.

"If you try to resist I'll club the roof of your head off," valiantly said he.

Muldoon considered that discretion was the better part of valor.

So he quietly consented to be walked to the station-house.

There a sleepy sergeant indistinctly listened to the patrolman's complaint, locked Muldoon up, and dozed off again at his desk.

Next morning Muldoon was taken before a judge, who, after finding out that he was not "Red-headed Mike," coolly sentenced him to pay a fine of ten dollars for being "drunk and disorderly."

Muldoon went home totally demoralized.

And he and Roger had a little war for about an hour, Roger stoutly protesting that he had not the ghost of an idea that it was Muldoon whom he had sauced the night before, and Muldoon insisting that it was a put-up job.

But Muldoon's anger fell principally upon the widow.

"Roger," said he, "me drame av love is o'er; I'll niver spake to the red-haired blonde again. She is P. S. No good."

After that he would not speak to Mrs. Halorahan, notwithstanding that she sent him a written apology. Instead, he devoted his time to a freckled-faced young lady on the next block.

Fate, though, had destined another racket for Muldoon.

One day Alderman O'Malley arrived dressed up in his best, and having a painful consciousness of that fact.

"Are ye taking in a wake, alderman?" politely asked Muldoon, after the customary salutations had been passed.

"No such luck," the alderman rejoined; "it is booked for a coon camp-meeting that I am."

"An' what is a coon camp-meeting?"

"A nayger church, barring the fact that all the church that they have is a tint."

"Phat are yez going there for?"

"To make myself solid wid the colored vote. Ye see, I am after a renomination this fall," exclaimed the alderman with a sagacious wink. "Will yez accompany me, Terrence?"

Muldoon, after a little consideration, said that he would.

Together the two started off. The camp-meeting was held at East New York, and they took the Greenpoint ferry, then the open cars to the camp-meeting.

It was held in a small grove, and a stout fence, higher than a man's head, kept out the ungodly.

The only way to get in was at a narrow gate.

A tall negro with a saintly look and a white cravat guarded said gate.

"Ten cents a head," said he to Muldoon and O'Malley. "Salvation am as cheap as dirt at dat price."

Muldoon paid the twenty cents and the pair passed in.

The camp-ground was an odd mixture of things religious and things of business.

All around the grove were signs. On one tree would be the polite invitation: "Come to the Lord!" Beneath probably would hang the legend: "Boston Pork and Beans, ten cents!" Right alongside, another motto: "Seek the Narrow Way," would strike the eye, while in close juxtaposition was another, "Bottled Beer, Five Cents a Schooner."

Altogether it was the queerest scene that Muldoon had ever got into, and he looked around him with big eyes.

The grounds were crowded with negroes—big negroes, little negroes, male negroes and female negroes, all sorts and sizes, with quite a large sprinkling of white folks, most of whom had come for curiosity's sake.

As they stood surveying the scene a big, fat, oily-looking darky, with a face as large as the dashboard of a street car, and a white vest three sizes too much for him, ambled up to O'Malley.

"Bless de Lawd fo' seeing youse heah, Mistah O'Malley!" said he, with an upward roll of his eyes.

"How are ye, Elder Smuff?" replied O'Malley, shaking hands. "Siful as ebber, sah; de Lawd wants to clense dis poor flesh, but de debil won't let him," rejoined the elder.

"Bedad, it's a shame," said Muldoon.

"You am kereet," said the elder; "but de fault's all on my side. Oh, Brudder O'Malley, we'se gwine fo' to do a great work."

"Yez are?"

"Oh, yes, we'se saving souls by the bushel. Won't youse come an' jine de band?"

Muldoon and O'Malley followed the elder's lead.

"Who is the nagur?" asked Muldoon, in a whisper, on the way.

"Elder Smuff."

"Faix, I heard so before. Phat does he do for a living?"

"His old woman takes in washin'."

"Don't he worruk himself?"

"Nary bit. He's a nagur Moody and Sankey. Shure he prays loike a phonygraph and mashes all av the wenches."

At last the elder stopped in a portion of the grove where seats were arranged around a big board platform which looked something like a dancing platform in distress.

Our heroes took seats. Several hundred people, mostly colored, had done so before, and were yelling out a jubilee hymn at the top of their voices.

Elder Smuff mounted the platform.

He was received with enthusiastic applause, particularly from the lady part of the audience.

Bowing his acknowledgments with the grace of a mule, he proceeded to launch into a red-hot religious stump speech.

Pretty soon the darkeys got excited. "Amens!" "Praise de Lamb!" "Glory be to God!" and other pious ejaculations filled the air.

Muldoon got uneasy.

He wanted to take a hand in the games.

"Can I join in the uproar?" he asked of O'Malley.

"Av coarse," replied the alderman, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Phat will I yell?"

"Anything. Sing a comic song if yez desire; nobody will denote the difference."

So Muldoon cleared his throat, and prepared to chime in. Elder Smuff had worked himself up to a fiery pitch of eloquence.

"Bruddern," said he, "we are a long way from de promised land; how shall we git dar?"

"Take the illivated railroad," shouted Muldoon.

"Dar will be room 'round the golden throne for some of us," went on the elder, never noticing the interruption; "whar will de rest sit?"

"Out in the hall on the refrigerator," Muldoon squealed.

"We am a-rising to the clouds. How am de wicked to follow?"

"Hire a balloon, the divils."

"De gospel gates are a-closing. How am de wicked to get in?"

"Over the fence, begorra!"

"De fire of de bottomless pit am going out. What will de debil use to keep it a-going?"

"Kerosene, bad cess to his soul!"

"Gabriel am a-blowing ob his trumpet already. When will he stop?"

"Niver; he's paid by the hour."

By this time the attention of the congregation was equally divided between Muldoon and the elder.

Smuff gradually perceived that Muldoon was guying him.

Here was a chance to point an awful example.

"Bruddern an' sistern!" he shouted, breaking off in his sermon, "there is a scoffer amongst us. Where will he be at de last day?"

"Comfortable in his grave, av course," interrupted Muldoon.

"No, he won't," shrieked the elder; "nuffin' ob de sort. De debil will take him on his red-hot pitchfork, and frow him down—down!"

Just then the elder gave an impassioned stamp.

There was a sound of splintering timbers, a dull crash, a howl of genuine dismay, and Elder Smuff suddenly disappeared.

So did the platform, and in a minute all that was visible of Elder Smuff were his feet sticking out from amidst a mass of broken timber.

"Bedad, the gentleman has gone down first to show the way," said Muldoon, springing to the elder's assistance.

Almost everybody followed him, the women shrieking and crying.

"Oh, elder, am youse alive?" called out a frail old negress, whose fighting weight was about three hundred.

"Yes," came in decidedly shaky accents from somewhere under the platform.

"Get de stricken brudder out right away," ordered a thin darkey, who peddled clams week-days and "preached de gospel" Sundays.

Half a dozen were trying to.

One zealous young coon got an ax and began chopping away.

But after he had nearly succeeded in chopping off both of the elder's legs, the head of the ax flew off and upset the chopper, so that mode of release failed.

Everybody had some plan to extricate the elder.

"Get a derrick an' hoist de planks off."

"Dig a tunnel under de boards an' get de dressed lamb out dat way."

"Lift de board off wid a crowbar."

These are three of the extremely practical plans presented.

Meanwhile the elder was yelling like a bull—a very muffled and subdued bull, it is true—to be pulled out.

Muldoon had a plan in an instant.

"Be Heavens!" ordered he, "get a rope!"

"What fo?" asked somebody.

"Find out an' yez'll know. Get the rope first, ye daisy."

A stout rope was soon procured. Muldoon grabbed it and made a circle at one end.

This circle he placed about the elder's feet.

"All of yez take hould av the other ind," said he, "and we'll yank the elder out like an eel."

"What are youse gwine to do?" inquired the elder, as he felt the rope tightened around his feet.

"Pull yez out, me honey," answered Muldoon, "fate first."

"Fo' de Lawd's sake don't. Youse'll break ebery bone in dis body."

"Thin put them in yer pocket till yez git out. Are yez ready, me colored brigade?"

"Yes, sah," replied a score of darkey voices.

"Then pull, ye dish-slingers."

They did with a will.

Elder Smuff's ankles appeared in view.

But it was fun for him.

At every pull he scratched and rubbed against the planks surrounding him, and lost about a square foot of skin.

"Glory—glory!" cried he, "please fo' to stop. I'd rudder die."

"What am dat he say?" one of the eager rope-pullers asked.

"Says to put more av muscle into your efforts," Muldoon now blusteringly returned. "Once more for the beer."

The gang went at it again.

It is pretty well known that negroes, as a rule, prefer to work to music.

Accordingly one of their number started up a rude improvisation.

It was something like this, all hands joining in the chorus:

"Oh, Elder Smuff he had um fall,
Pull—pull away, youse niggers;
'Fraid him can't get out at all,
Pull—pull away, brack niggers.
Satan he did laugh an' shout,
Pull—pull away, big niggers;
Satan's fooled—we'll get him out,
Pull—pull away, good niggers."

Probably the ballad was very simple and touching.

The elder did not have that opinion for a cent.

At every repetition of the "Pull—pull away!" the darkeys would give the rope a terrible yank, which moved the elder closer up toward daylight, it is true, but nearly killed him at the same time.

"Bump—bump! would go his head against a plank, two or three nails would scratch across his face; a post half broken off would hit him in the stomach. Altogether it was a very enjoyable position for the elder.

He screamed his remonstrances at the top of his voice.

The noise of the singing prevented them from being heard. All he could do was to grin and bear it.

Finally he was dragged half out of the debris.

"Whoop!" shouted Muldoon; "we have his belly-band in sight, me boys. Thry it again for the cigars!"

The song rose on the air once more:

"Gab'rel blew a mighty blast,
Pull—pull away, strong niggers;
Elder Smuff am out at last,
Pull—pull away, sweet niggers."

Simultaneously with the utterance of the last line, the elder came out amidst a halo of dust and dirt, broken boards and flying splinters.

"Praise de Lamb—it's herself!" shouted a pious old wench.

It was he.

And a sweet-looking specimen of colored pulpit-whanger he was, too.

He had about one inch of skin on his face; the rest was blood and dirt.

When he fell through the platform he had a good suit of black clothes on. When he got landed out, his clothes were any color, and looked as if they had just come out of a steam threshing machine.

The women crowded frantically around him.

"Elder Smuff," they anxiously asked, "are youse hurt?"

The elder looked ruefully at himself.

"No, I's ain't hurt; I's most dead," he snappishly replied; but dar's one question dat I wishes to propound."

"Ejaculate it," said Muldoon.

"Dis am it," said the elder, gracefully holding the boom of his tattered pants together with his hand, "how did dat yer platform tumble down?"

CHAPTER II.

Brother, or rather Elder, Smuff was right down mad at the unceremonious and comical way in which he had fallen down with the platform, and been extricated from the ruins.

"Tole youse what, bruddren an' sistern," he dolefully remarked, "dat yere platform was tampered wid; it nebber fell down by herself."

Two or three darkeys commenced an investigation.

The result showed that the elder was right—the four posts on which the platform stood had been nearly sawed in half so that a slight pressure was all that was needed to bring the whole arrangement down.

The elder was grandly indignant.

"Dis am a high-handed outrage, an' I offer de sum of two dollars an' a half to any one dat can discover de perpetrators," declared he.

But the perpetrators, notwithstanding the munificent reward, remained undiscovered; the elder borrowed a new suit of clothes, washed himself, and the camp-meeting continued.

Muldoon and O'Malley strolled through the grounds till nightfall. Then they supped, and lighting their cigars, resumed their promenade.

One tent, in particular, attracted their attention from the ear-splitting prayers and gospel songs that issued from it.

"I wonder what the devil they have in there?" said O'Malley.

"Begorra, it sounds loike a menagerie," answered Muldoon; "shure I'll ax this naygur wid a dizzy stove-pipe."

So he did.

"Would yez pleaze relate to me what is going on in yondher tint?" he begged.

The colored citizen with the dizzy stove-pipe hat did so.

"It's de praying tent, sir," he replied.

"A praying tint?"

"Yes, sah."

"Faix, I've heard av a talking machine, an' a spaking like-ness, but niver av a praying tint. What is it praying for, a dhrink?"

"De tent don't pray, sah, only de ladies an' gemmen in it."

"That's a jackass wid a different tail," said Muldoon. "Alderman."

"Well?" replied O'Malley.

"Let's brace the praying tent."

They did so.

Passing the canvas entrance they found themselves in a medium-sized tent, with several straight rows of board benches extending from one side to the other.

Several kerosene lamps lit up the place, and in the center was a small melodeon. By the melodeon stood a chair used as a pulpit.

The tent was crowded.

Muldoon cast a glance around to see if he saw any familiar faces.

Presently he staggered back as if somebody had hit him in the stomach with a sand club.

"Alderman," gasped he, "for the love of Hiven, strike me with a custard pie!"

"Do what?"

"Slug me wid a banany puddin'!"

"Why?"

"Will yez cast yer optical nerves over there in the corner? Faith, is it reality or a night-mule?"

Alderman O'Malley looked at the spot indicated.

His expression of face turned from good-humor to one of astonishment.

"How in St. Peter did they get here?" gasped he.

The "they" referred to were two angelic, innocent-looking, well-dressed white boys, who sat on one of the benches with a fat negress on one side of them and a thin negro on the other.

The boys were Roger O'Malley and Robby Burke.

"Chillin, do youse 'sperience any change ob heart?" asked the fat negress, eagerly.

"Big," readily replied Roger. "Oh, I'm going to be a good boy, aunty, going to be a regular kerosene light to the wicked."

"Am youse mos' converted, chile?" asked the lean negro of Bob.

Bobby rolled up his eyes in approved camp-meeting style.

"Oh, I'm going to be an angel—going to sit on the golden stairs—going to play on a hand organ. Oh, I'm going straight up to Heaven in a hand basket!" he yelled after the regular negro fashion.

"Yes," chimed in Roger, "come and look at the really good Tapeworm Twins. Don't drink—don't smoke—don't eat, live on bladder stew! We're going for to have boss wings, an' blue tail feathers, an' wrestle with a harp! Oh, glory! Whoa, Emma!"

The darkeys took it all in for genuine enthusiasm. They crowded eagerly about the two scapegraces.

"Bress de Lord!" shrieked old aunty.

"Praise Ga'brel!" tooted the old nig.

"Rah for St. Patrick!" shouted Roger.

"Tank Moses!" vociferated aunty.

"Sound de cymbal fo' Daniel!" squeaked the old nig.

"Shoot off a gun for Tom Collins!" roared Bobby Burke.

The surrounding spectators caught the enthusiasm.

Such a howling and yelling ensued as is seldom heard outside of a sick or hungry hyena's cage at a menagerie.

Muldoon stood perfectly confounded, gazing at the ludicrous spectacle.

"Be Heavens, O'Malley," at last he uttered, "will yez wheel out an insane asylum till I incarcerate those two lu-nat-ic byes?"

"If ye tell me what the whole thing manes, I'll give ye the core," helplessly replied O'Malley.

"But what are the boys doing?"

"Givin' the naygurs taffy, I suppose."

"I'll taffy him. Roger O'Malley!"

Roger looked up and recognized his uncle.

"Helloo, Nibs!" whispered he.

"What new gum-game are ye up to now?" Muldoon demanded.

"How did yez get here?"

"By express. Oh, don't give us away!"

"Why not?"

"Just go and stand on your head for a while and you'll see some fun," said Roger, in a low tone, scarcely audible to anybody except Muldoon, for during the conversation the Solid Man had edged up to a position almost touching Roger.

Muldoon was always ripe for any racket—if played on somebody else beside himself.

So he stood perfectly still, and told the alderman to "hould his whist!"

Meanwhile the singing and praying went on at a terrible rate.

Roger and Bobby were among the loudest, but all the time Muldoon noticed that they were deftly scattering some liquid, unperceived, around, when they got a good chance to do so.

Then all of a sudden they both arose and scuttled out of the tent.

"Where are youse gwine, lambs?"

"Gwine to get glory," mimicked Bobby.

"Gwine to bring her back in a hand-cart," echoed Roger, with a half-stifled laugh.

"Wonder where they're going?" said Muldoon.

"Some diviltry," promptly answered O'Malley.

Future events showed that the worthy alderman, like George Washington, was not a liar.

Hardly had the boys disappeared before a terrible smell invaded the interior of the tent.

It was not a nice smell.

It was not a smell of roses or Jockey Club bouquet.

Indeed, in comparison sweitzer-kase was balm, or a dead cat a fountain of cologne.

The singing stopped rather suddenly.

"Dar's sumfin dead aroun' heah!" exclaimed aunty, pursing her thick lips into a shape of great disgust.

"Phew!"

"Hebenly angels, how it do smell!"

"It am awful!"

"Wuss den rotten eggs!"

Such were a few of the exclamations uttered by the darkeys as they elevated their noses.

"Smell to me fo' all de world as if dar was a skunk aroun'," at last one dusky gentleman remarked.

"No skunks aroun' East New York," put in an inhabitant of that great village.

"Smell like one, anyhow," persisted the other. "Ki, it am orful!"

It was.

Even Muldoon acknowledged it.

"Begob, a dumping-ground would be a bower av roses," he said, putting his handkerchief up to his nose. "Alderman, have ye yo' ould socks on?"

The alderman stoutly protested that he had changed his socks that very afternoon.

"Whatever it is, it smells worse than you did in the menagerie," he answered, as he, too, buried his bugle in his handkerchief.

"The boys have had some hand in it, the spalpeens."

"You bet!"

"An' I think I recognize the small."

"What is it?"

"Faix, they kape it at the dhrug-store."

"Kape what?"

"The smell—shure, it is a chemical preparation av some kind. Something about a mule or a jackass."

The alderman pondered over the question for a minute. "By the Widdy Malone's petticoat," he cried, "it's asafetida!" "Yez are roight," Muldoon commented, "an' the boys, bad cess to their sowl, have sprinkled it around."

That was the true explanation of the dreadful smell.

Roger and Bobby Burke had started out that afternoon on a racket. They had attended a ball match over in Williamsburg, and from there they had wandered into the camp-meeting.

Of course they got all of the fun out of it that they could, and it was they who had wickedly sawed the platform posts, under the pretense of looking for a lost ring beneath the platform.

They had roamed into the praying-tent with no fixed object, and out of mischief had pretended to be as full of howling piety as any of the darkeys.

Bobby Burke worked in a drug store, and it happened that he had a bottle of asafetida in his pocket which he had purchased for his employer, and forgotten to leave at the store.

It suddenly occurred to him that if that asafetida was liberally distributed about the tent, the effect would be grand.

He communicated his idea to Roger. Roger did not say nay, but, on the other hand, offered to assist in the savory distribution.

When unobserved, they contrived to scatter the liquid about profusely.

Then they dusted.

Meanwhile the stench was getting worse and worse.

One of the negroes hit the true solution of the case.

"Some debil's frowed stink-water all ober me shoes," he ejaculated. "Reckon dat he's done gone and cobered de whole place."

The suggestion was eagerly caught up.

"Spect it some low white trash," snapped a wiry little wench, looking hard at Muldoon as she said it.

"What are yez gazing at me for?" demanded our hero.

"Kase youse so pretty," sarcastically she rejoined.

"Yez will niver look at yerself for a loike rayson, ye colored faymale monkey!"

The little wench put her arms akimbo.

"I'se don't want none of yer sass, youse unstan' dat!" she retorted.

"Arrah, go soak yer head," politely answered Muldoon.

Now there happened to be a bad nigger named Jerusalem Glue, who had been roaming all around looking for somebody to kill, and who, despairing of dyeing his hands in gore, had finally got into the praying-tent, prepared, if the exercises there did not agree with his own religious views, to start a general barbecue.

He was one of those tough niggers with a high hat, a red shirt, a razor in his boot, and a shooter, and he was bad from his birth.

He saw a tip-top chance for a fight in the altercation between Muldoon and the wench.

Therefore he swaggered up to Muldoon in a style that was enough to make an ordinary man run at sight.

"What for you 'sault dat leddy?" blustered he.

"Who salted her?" Muldoon asked.

"Youse."

"Yer a liar! But she nades salt; she's too fresh."

Hardly had Muldoon got the last word out of his mouth before Mr. Glue slammed him in the jaw.

Muldoon returned the blow in a second.

A lively rough and tumble was started in less time than it takes to tell it.

Probably, if left alone, Muldoon could have got away with the bad nigger.

But the rest of the crowd jumped on.

"Frow stink-water in the prayin'-tent, will youse?" they shouted.

Alderman O'Malley tried to interfere in his companion's behalf.

He knocked down three nigs, and then some one threw the pulpit at him.

He sat down very suddenly, and about eighteen of his enemies sat down on top of him to keep him from getting up.

Poor Muldoon got it hot and heavy.

Everybody inside of that tent hit him for good luck, and the bad nigger kicked him.

He fought desperately as long as he could, like a true Irishman, but at last he gave in when a brawny nig broke a soda-water bottle over his head.

We won't weary our readers with a description of what followed. Suffice it to say, that both Muldoon and the alderman got pounded most unmercifully.

When the negroes got tired of the fun, they calmly fired the

two Irishmen out of the tent, and bounced them over the fence outside of the camp-grounds.

They picked themselves up very tenderly and disconsolately. Muldoon was the first to speak.

"Alderman," said he, with a noble attempt at jocularity, "will yez obtain me a hay-rope? Fe Heavens, I am broke up, and I want to tie meself together so that I won't get lost."

"Bad cess to the naygur vote!" sadly swore O'Malley; "it is a walkin' bruise I am. Wait till I get elected sinator; I'll pass a bill to shoot every blasted naygur on sight."

"If I only had the old Dublin gang wid me, I'd a kilt the lot," said Muldoon. "Will yez plase fale av me face to see if I have lost any av me features?"

The alderman complied, and, much to Muldoon's gratification, announced that every feature was there, besides half a dozen new ones in the shape of bruises and swellings.

"Let's take a cab," suggested Muldoon; "if we walk through the streets in this stoile, somebody will be tying us fast, an' charging tin cints a look to the populace."

By some phenomenal accident a cab happened to be lost over in East New York, and Muldoon found it.

The driver offered to take them for half-price if they'd show him the way to the ferry.

They readily closed with his offer.

"Where will I drive when I reach New York, gents?" he queried, holding the door open for them to get in.

"To the hospital," replied O'Malley, sinking back on the seat.

"To the morgue," answered Muldoon, getting up on the box with the driver, and then giving him the right address.

Roger was not at home for several days.

He got wind of the way in which his uncle and father had been paid for his trick, and he concluded, like a wise boy, that home would not be very pleasant for him for a while.

When he did arrive, Muldoon's wounds were nearly well.

Therefore Roger escaped with a verbal blessing and one injunction.

"Roger, whenever yez see a naygur—slug! an' I'll go yez bail."

Roger laughingly promised, and so the camp-meeting events were buried in oblivion, in all except the memories of Roger and Bobby Burke. Many a grand laugh they had over it.

One day Muldoon purchased a new suit of clothes.

As he stood before the glass arrayed in them, and admiring his gaudy appearance greatly, an idea entered his head.

"Roger," said he, "I have a thought."

"Untie it," remarked Roger, who was sitting near, trying to make his watch go by the boyish expedient of jamming a pin into the works.

"I will go down to the gallery and have me photograph da-guerreotyped. What gallery shall I go to?"

"Shooting gallery."

"Be aisy; tell me another."

"Rogue's gallery."

Muldoon answered by shying a foot-stool at Roger, which knocked that funny young man on the floor.

When he got up he did not feel quite so comical, and ruefully told his uncle where a photograph gallery could be found.

Muldoon put on all the extra touches for the occasion.

He wore his biggest collar, his loudest and most brassy watch-chain; put on enormous cuffs, and ended all with the greatest and homeliest possible bouquet that he could find.

The photographer, a Dane, by the name of Flew, was rather impressed when Muldoon arrived in the studio.

"Do you want your picture taken, sir?" he respectfully inquired.

"Do yez conjecture that I would come in here to get a pair av shoes or a refrigerator?" Muldoon answered, in his customary manner.

Mr. Flew begged pardon, and asked Muldoon what style of photograph he preferred.

"I want to be delineated full size, standing up in a setting down posthure, wid only me head and shouldhers audible," grandly replied the Solid Man.

Mr. Flew said it was impossible.

There was only one man of his acquaintance who could take photographs of that style, and he had died before he learned how.

So Muldoon concluded to be taken sitting down.

"How many pictures do you desire?" was Mr. Flew's next question.

"How many do yez sell for a cint?"

"Six dollars a dozen."

"Won't yez take me any ch'aper if I take me hat off?"

"No, sir."

"But recollect the less woruk."

Mr. Flew assured his customer that clothing did not count in a photograph. The cost was just the same, whether the sitter was taken in a perfect warehouse of garments or only in a blue necktie and a pair of socks.

"Well," finally said Muldoon, as he peered into the small mirror in the so-called "dressing-room," "give me two dozen, an' blow the expense. Me mother has woruk."

After the usual adjustment of screen, chair and camera, Mr. Flew announced that all was ready.

Muldoon paraded out.

Roger followed.

Mr. Flew placed Muldoon on a green chair and wheeled the camera up before him.

"Look natural," said he.

Muldoon tried to look natural.

The result was that his face assumed an expression of grinning idiocy.

"Don't laugh," ordered Mr. Flew, "look grave."

Muldoon obeyed.

His face changed to a look of horrible repentance. His countenance was that of a man who had murdered all of his friends and felt sorry for it.

Mr. Flew groaned in despair.

"That will never do," said he; "I tell you what—appear as if you had not the slightest idea that you were being photographed.

Muldoon attempted the difficult feat, and he began to feel the sweat come.

"Begorra!" wailed he, "it's as bad as having a tooth pulled. For Hiven's sake, how do I look now?"

In reality, he appeared like a sick gorilla, but Mr. Flew did not tell him so.

"That's all right," he said; "now keep perfectly still.

"If the house gets afire don't move," supplemented Roger.

"What?" asked Muldoon.

"There!" groaned the photographer, "you have spoiled your face by speaking."

"Faix, I'll be as silent as a crab."

"All right; sit still, now."

Mr. Flew placed his eye at the camera and gracefully draped his head beneath the conventional black cloth.

"Hould on!" suddenly shouted Muldoon.

Mr. Flew took the cloth off in a hurry and revealed his head again.

"What is the matter now?" he asked.

"The blacking is off av me boots," anxiously returned Muldoon.

"What of it?"

"Arrah, yez are a funny man."

"Why?"

"Do yez suppose that Terrence Muldoon wants to have a picthure intended for circulation amongst the leddies wid darty boots in it?"

"But they'll take black."

"I didn't expect they'd take grane. It isn't a chromo ye're giving me, is it? Jist wait till I step out and get a shine."

It was only after a practical explanation illustrated by gestures and examples, that Mr. Flew succeeded in convincing Muldoon that the absence of blacking on his boots would not show glaringly or any other way in the contemplated photograph.

"Won't me bouquet take?" Muldoon wanted to know at the end of the blacking argument.

"Certainly."

"Make it as big as yez can afford for the gould."

"Of course."

"An', I say, ye tin-type peddler?"

"Well?"

"Put a Buckingham twist in me collar."

"All right."

For the third time Muldoon composed himself to "look natural."

Mr. Flew peeped at him through the camera, and at last stood silently to one side.

"Look straight in front of you; it will be done in a second," he remarked.

"Ring a little bell and let the baby look at the monkey," put in Roger, and the photographer's assistant, who was watching the show from the drying room, grinned aloud.

Just then Roger perceived a pair of nippers, left by some carpenter who had been repairing the room, lying on the floor.

He grabbed them and crept behind Muldoon's chair.

Reaching forward he nipped Muldoon's leg. Muldoon's face instantly assumed an agonized expression, and he gave a yell of pain.

"Be Heavens, I'm shot!"

CHAPTER III.

Of course Muldoon's jump when Roger nipped him spoiled the whole picture.

"What in blazes ails you?" angrily asked the photographer. "He's got 'em again," coolly answered Roger.

"Got what?"

"Sees blue apes on his legs and double-headed monkeys on the wall."

"Jim-jams?"

"Yes, he's been on it for a whole week. Whisky straight every time. He's gulped more'n—"

What Roger was about to remark will never be known.

Just then, Muldoon, who had been doing a square dance to the music of his own howls during the above conversation, stopped, and made a furious plunge at his mischievous nephew.

"Roger O'Malley, yez spawn av the devil," yelled he, "let me catch ye, ye moon-eyed leper, an' I'll wipe up the flure wid yez."

"What's the matter?" Roger asked, deftly getting behind a chair.

"Howly smoke—have yez the brassy conceit to ax me?"

"Of course."

"Bedad—I'll soon illustrate the dilemma to ye."

And Muldoon started to make a cold, butchered and clammy corpse out of Roger.

The attempt, though was not a gilded success.

For the simple reason that Roger got out of the door and left Muldoon to chew up the floor if he wanted to.

But the Solid Man quieted down after breaking two stools and smashing the screen until it looked as if a flash of lightning had struck it.

He sat down on a chair again, panting like a bull.

"Will yez aither knock me sinseless or give me chloroform?" he asked.

"For what?" queried Mr. Flew.

"So that I can get me picthure taken in peace."

"Oh, sit still, and it will be all right."

"Yez say so. Have yez got yez nippers all tied up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a guard at the head av the stairs to shoot that sucker av a Roger O'Malley if he attempts to come up?"

"I guess so."

"Thin go ahead wid the butchery. And, I say?"

"Well?"

"Paint a diamond into me scarf, an' take about siven inches off av the size av me fairy fate."

Mr. Flew laughingly promised, and he wheeled the camera up again.

Probably if nothing had happened Muldoon would have taken an excellent photograph.

But something did occur.

A fly got into Muldoon's eye, and he did not sit quite as stiff as a stone statue under the infliction.

Therefore, the picture when it came out had a very big dash of fly and a wriggling streak of Muldoon.

Mr. Flew, with that admirable cheek born in all photographers, handed it to Muldoon, with a gesture of unspeakable pride.

"It is the best likeness that ever came out of my establishment," he said.

Muldoon held it at arm's length.

He gazed at it critically.

"Whose baboon is it?" finally he inquired.

"What baboon?" asked Mr. Flew, in evident bewilderment.

"The baboon in the picthure?"

Mr. Flew's countenance was a complete definition of astonishment.

"That's your picture—and a very good one, too," he hazarded.

Muldoon flung down his hat and commenced getting out of his coat.

He jumped up and down on the picture and spat on it.

"Do yez dare to tell me that this is me picthure," he roared, "bringing out a caricature of a hairy baboon and telling me it is myself. Come on, begorra, I'll clane out the shanty completely. Will somebody ring the alarum for the morgue?"

Mr. Flew backed away up in one corner and wished that he had a small park of artillery.

"N-no offense meant," he stammered.

"Nayther do I," responded Muldoon; "if I kill yez it will only be out av common politeness."

"The picture was bad," said Mr. Flew, shrinking still further into the corner, and wishing that he was small enough to hide in a crack.

"Bad! it wur a Bulgarian atrocity!" declared Muldoon.

"It—it didn't look like you."

"Faix, no, it was the image av yerself. Will yez apologize?"
Mr. Flew did.

He made most ample apologies, all the while wishing that he could hire some accommodating ruffian to sneak in quietly and settle Muldoon with a sand-club.

He got our hero seated, for the fifteenth or sixteenth time that afternoon, and wheeled that everlasting camera into its usual position.

As he was all ready, a lady arrived.

A stout lady, with a great redundancy of bonnet, an alarming amount of red shawl, and a dress with a figure as big as Muldoon's bouquet.

She had a gorgeous pink and blue parasol, and she pointed it square at Mr. Flew, as if she half hoped that it might accidentally go off and shoot him.

"Can I have my picture taken?" asked she.

"Certainly, as soon as this gentleman gets through," was Mr. Flew's ready response.

Female curiosity impelled the lady to look around.

She caught one glance of the prize gorilla in the chair, and give vent to a little scream.

"Terrence!" shrieked she.

Muldoon writhed uneasily.

"Whist!" said he.

"Terrence!" called the lady.

"For Heaven's sake, hush!" implored Muldoon; "if I move me lips I'll spile the picture!"

But Mr. Flew had already yanked the camera around with an air of deep disgust.

"Your photograph's spoiled irretrievably," he remarked.

"Did it hurt yez much? Bedad, it must have kilt the photograph completely."

"What?"

"Irretrievably."

"Oh, you be blanked!" growled Mr. Flew, in high dudgeon. "Wait till I get a couple of years that I don't know what to do with, and I'll try and take your likeness."

Then Mr. Flew turned to the lady.

"Next!" he said, with as grand an air as if the room was crowded with a howling throng of expectant patrons.

The lady, though, seemed to be charmed in some magic way by Muldoon's festive face.

"Terrence!" she ejaculated.

Muldoon got up, jammed on his hat, rolled up his sleeves, and kicked the screen over.

"Will yez shut up, or by the socks of St. Patrick, there will be bloody murther done. I'll——"

Here he stopped, cast his eyes on the slender form in front of him, and involuntarily took off his hat.

"Widdy Halorahan!" cried he.

"Yer own Bridget!" sighed she.

Muldoon's face darkened.

He replaced his hat, placed one hand in his bosom, and loftily waved her away with the other.

"Mrs. Halorahan, respicted madame," began he, "yez can give me no taffy. Yez have cast away a sun-flower that will bloom for yez no longer. Aw reservoir, ye Union Square jilt!"

The widow stood like a crushed daisy. The biggest old crushed daisy that ever was for she weighed about two hundred with her hat off.

"Ye know I love ye, Terry," sobbed she.

Muldoon favored her with a sardonic glare.

"Is slugging a jintelmin wid a brick an' having him arristed proofs av affection?" sarcastically asked he.

"I didn't know it was ye, Terry."

"How thick is the blue, now, Mrs. Halorahan?"

"I'm telling yez the truth, Terry. The serenade was iligant."

"It must have been when the gang tuk me for a cat, an' war about to shoot me full of railroad spikes."

"They war only joking, Terry. I've been fretting meself down to a shadow wid love for yez."

"It is the shadow av an elephant ye allude to. Mrs. Halorahan, me drame av love is over. I thought yez war a poet's ideal, an' begorra, I was sold. Fare yez well."

At the conclusion of this poetical and beautiful speech, Muldoon made an elaborate attempt to go out of the door.

The widow intercepted him.

She fell upon his manly breast, and broke every cigar that he had in his vest pocket.

"Terry, me darlint, say yez forgive me!" she pleaded; and she wept real tears.

That settled Muldoon.

"Howld on; will yez plaze turn off the water-works, an' articulate sinse?" he begged.

The widow dried her tears.

A long explanation followed, in which the widow, woman-

like, succeeded in convincing Muldoon that it was all his fault; that he was a hard-hearted Turk and that if she had not been a weak, love-sick female she would never have spoken to him again.

The photographer noticed this joyous reconciliation.

He viewed it with a business eye.

He stepped respectfully forward.

"Allow me to suggest," he smiled, "that you get your pictures taken together."

Muldoon readily acquiesced.

"Ye sit on me lap, widdy; put on a smile av womanly grandeur, an' the folks will take us for a chromo av the Impress av Injy an' the King av Spain."

"No! let's be taken standing up," rejoined the widow.

"To show our symmetry av form?"

"Exactly."

So they stood up, as affectionate as turtle doves, gracefully reclining on one another's shoulders.

Now, we will take a backward glance, and follow Roger O'Malley's fortunes.

When he skipped out of the photograph gallery he roamed downstairs.

He stood in the street-door for several moments, smiled pleasantly at every young lady who came along, hurled a tomato-can at a fugitive cat, and listened with severe criticism to a German band.

By and by his eyes wandered across the street.

Visible on a beer-keg in front of a lager-mill was a young gentleman with a very large cigar-holder and a larger cigar.

This young gentleman was dangling something up and down upon an elastic, and seemed highly interested in the occupation.

Roger crossed the street.

"Hello, Bobby!" he said.

Bobby Burke, for it was he who looked up.

"Helloo, good-looking!" he responded. "Where did you drop from?"

Roger briefly explained the situation.

"What's that you're playing with, sonny?" he patronizingly asked, at the conclusion of his narrative.

Bobby held it up.

It was a large imitation spider with wire legs and claws. When the rubber band to which it was attached moved up and down, the spider plunged and wobbled in a very life-like way.

"Big thing," admiringly commented Bobby; "great brain got it up. I chucked it in my mother's coffee-cup this morning and it scared the old girl half out of her wits."

As a natural consequence, Roger felt that life was a barren waste until he, too, got a spider.

The Italian Baron who sold them was only a block off, and therefore Roger's longing was soon gratified.

He went and sat on the opposite beer keg from Bobby, and the two little boys played with their spiders.

From their position they beheld the widow enter the photographer's.

"There'll be a racket!" Roger exclaimed; "I'd like to pike it off."

"Why don't you?" asked Bobby.

"F. O."

"What's that?"

"Fire out."

"Who do it?"

"Muldoon!"

"Is he mad?"

"Slightly. Said he'd kill me if I went into the room again." Bobby absently allowed his spider to dip into the mud-gutter, and meditated.

"Crickey," he presently said, "we can take in all this show, just as well as not."

"How?" queried Roger.

"Climb up onto the roof and look through the skylight."

"Bobby Burke, it is a gigantic intellectual capacity ye have," said Roger, mimicking his uncle. "Let us away to the skylight."

Soon said, soon done.

In two minutes the boys were comfortably seated on the roof, taking Muldoon and the widow all in.

Let us return to Muldoon.

He and the widow got comfortably postured.

Mr. Flew was all ready.

He had taken the black cloth away from the camera, and stood in an attitude of statuesque repose.

Another moment and the photograph would have been completed.

If Roger O'Malley had not been struck with a most vile thought.

"Lower down the spiders in front of their faces!" he whispered to Bobby.

It was easily done, as a broken pane of glass in the skylight permitted free ingress for the spiders.

Bobby was in for the racket in a second.

Down dangled the spiders before Muldoon and the widow. They both yelled and started back.

Roger withdrew the spiders with as much rapidity as possible.

"Howly murther!" ejaculated Muldoon; "phat the divil was it?"

"An aigle on a rope," replied the widow.

"Bedad, it looked to me loike a crab."

"Where did it come from?"

"Maybe somebody opened the windy an' it come in on the breeze."

Mr. Flew had not seen the spiders at all, as he was looking in another direction.

Muldoon's exclamations naturally attracted his attention.

"What in Christopher Columbus is wrong now?" he gasped.

"Crabs!" yelled Muldoon.

"Aigles!" chorused the widow.

Mr. Flew looked like a life-size picture of perplexity.

"Crabs! eagles!" repeated he, blankly. Are you both crazy?"

"Not a bit," said the widow; "we were standing there as still as images, whin two big aigles, wid ropes on their tails, flew in."

"Allow me to correct ye; widdys, they were crabs."

"Aigles!"

"Crabs!"

Mrs. Halorahan got out of patience. "Who ever saw a crab wid wings?" she asked.

"Who ever saw an aigle wid sixty-seven claws?" Muldoon asked.

Mr. Flew saw there was an excellent prospect of a row, and he wisely interfered.

He choked down his anger, and dolefully proposed:

"Well, whatever they were, they are gone now. Get into position again, if you please."

They complied.

The burlesque was re-commenced.

Right in the critical part the spiders descended for the second time.

Muldoon gave utterance to a regular Irish howl, and grasped for one of them.

Roger pulled it up out of reach too quickly for him.

He stumbled, and in an effort to save himself from falling, clutched at the camera.

Over it went, and Muldoon fell beneath.

He kicked at it furiously, and it flew into bits.

One of the fragments struck Mr. Flew over the eye.

He was already mad enough to eat somebody, and the sting caused by the slight hurt was enough to set him off.

"Get out of here, you flannel-mouthed terrier!" he shouted, administering a severe kick on that part of Muldoon's body that he carries under his pistol pocket.

The widow was not going to stand such treatment of her lover.

"You murtherin' thafe!" she yelled, picking up a chair and going for the photographer bald-headed.

The photographer dodged.

The chair flew by him and struck Muldoon, who was just arising, on the head.

He immediately sat down again, and yelled like a Turk.

"Will none av the gang respond?" he shouted. "Be Heavens, give me a shillalah, an' I'll clane out the whole place!"

"Arrah, Terry, are ye yez aurt?" asked the widow.

"Kilt dead!"

"Whirra—whirra! what can I do for yez?"

"Slug that divil of a photographer."

"He's a murdered man," answered the widow, tucking up her sleeves, and starting on the war-path after Mr. Flew.

Meanwhile the boys up on the roof were hugely enjoying the racket.

"It beats a prize-fight," smiled Roger.

"I'll bet on Muldoon."

"Stuff! The widow's the favorite."

"That picture-jerker is good for a coffin."

"His name is Dennis, and he is N. G."

Thus they commented on the exciting scene below.

In his intense desire to take every bit of the rumpus in, Roger leaned too heavily on the skylight.

There was an ominous crack of wood and splinter of glass.

Amidst a perfect shower of debris Roger descended into the room, closely followed by Bobby, who, in a vain effort to save his comrade, overbalanced himself and fell, too.

The widow stopped short in her pursuit of Mr. Flew and let out a most appalling howl.

"May the Blissid Vargin save us, it's the imp of the worruld!" she shrieked, toppling over on the floor in a dead faint.

"Begorra! it's nayther aigles nor crabs this time; it's whales!" Muldoon roared. "Lind me a harpoon!"

In reality, Mr. Flew was the only one who kept his wits about him.

"It's boys," he curtly said; "gol darn 'em!"

By this time Roger had picked himself up.

He brushed part of the dirt off of his clothes and leered sweetly at Muldoon.

"Halloo, uncle!" he said; "got your picture taken yet? There's a lady outside wants one."

"Phat for?" mechanically asked Muldoon, who was yet in a sort of dazed condition.

"Her canary is sick and she wants to put your picture in its cage so that it will die."

This insult revived Muldoon.

He got on his feet again.

"How in St. Pether did yez git here?" propounded he.

"This here is Santa Claus," replied Roger, introducing Bobby Burke; "he thought it was Christmas, and he came down through the skylight to make you a present."

"I ain't; I'm Christopher Columbus, discovering Muldoon," laughed Bobby, not a bit hurt by his fall, as he threw himself into an attitude.

"Begob, I can make yez discover the door," said Muldoon, fiercely.

"Cool off," entreated Roger; "why don't you tend to your lady-love?"

"What ails her?"

"Guess she's got a fit of despair."

Muldoon crossed the room to the side of the prostrate fair-one.

He bent down and scrutinized her carefully.

"Run for a docthr and a dhrug store," he commanded; "She is in a faint."

"Just throw a gallon or so of water on her," remarked Roger.

"Burn a feather bed before her nose," said Bobby.

"Where is there any water?" anxiously asked Muldoon.

Mr. Flew came to the rescue.

"In that closet," said he.

"I'll go for it," volunteered Roger, springing forward.

In the closet was a small jar holding a bright green liquid. On it was the inscription: "Hands off."

Roger grabbed it.

"It will do just as good as water," he murmured.

He ran back again to give it to his uncle, who stood supporting the widow's caroty head in his hands.

"It is not a living skeleton I have in me grasp," he soliloquized, wiping the sweat away from his forehead. "Widdys, yez are an armful for a giant."

"Here's the water, uncle," said Roger, uncorking the vial, or rather jar.

Mr. Flew looked hastily over his shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, drop that!" yelled he.

Taken by surprise, Roger did literally drop it.

Square on Muldoon's head, and the bright green liquid rolled down over his face.

"Bad cess to yer sowl, phat is that?" he asked.

"It is my patent green dye, and you're colored for life. You can't get it off!" wailed Mr. Flew.

CHAPTER IV.

"Howly Hiven!" cried Muldoon, "what is it yez say?"

"You are green for life!" groaned the photographer.

"Do yez mane to call me a granehorn?"

"You'll be one for life. That dye is not eradicable; it can't be rubbed off."

For the first time, Muldoon seemed to get the matter through his head.

"Is me countenance av a granish cast?" he asked.

"I should smile," laughed Bobby Burke; "you'd make a bally Irish flag!"

"Let's paint a harp on his forehead and give him to the Father Mathews for a banner," added Roger.

Just then the widow revived from her faint.

Nobody was paying the least attention to her, and she concluded that she might as well come to as not.

"Terry—Terry! are yez here?" she shrieked, as she got half up and gazed wildly about her.

"Here I am," answered Muldoon.

She gave him one look.

"For Heaven's sake, what do yez call it?" she asked, peering in wonder at Muldoon's astonishing face.

"It's a map of Ireland," answered Bobby Burke.

"It's a Dublin Injin," replied Roger.

"What ails his face?" kept on the widow.

"Tain't ripe yet—it's green," Roger returned, laughing all the while at his uncle's comical appearance.

Muldoon got mad.

Then alarmed.

"Bring me a mirror, ye sucker!" he yelled, "till I take a bird's-eye enventory av me appearance."

Mr. Flew ran quickly to the drying room and returned with a small hand-glass.

Muldoon scrutinized himself in it.

"Begorra!" he wailed, "it is a foine-looking jintleman that I am. Faix, I look like a plate av grane turtle soup. Will it niver come off?"

"Never," assured Roger.

"Thin bring me a harpoon!"

"What for?"

"Be Heavens, I will commit suicide, if it kills me!"

At this rash declaration the widow rushed desperately to him, and encircled his neck with her fair and rounded arms.

"I'd love ye, Terry, if ye war purple," she declared.

"Kape away—kape away, ye daisy," he ordered, affectionately.

"An' why, darlint?"

"Ye will get dye on yerself. Roger!"

"Yes, sur."

"Will yez take the fireboard out, mark 'Paint' on it, an' put it around me neck?"

Roger could not help laughing at this comical notion. Neither could Bobby Burke, and even Mr. Flew joined in the general hilarity. Muldoon actually smiled himself.

But not much.

A second look in the glass reduced him to a state of gloom and despondent foreboding.

He called to Mr. Flew.

"Is there nothing that will remove the grane?" he asked.

Mr. Flew thought.

One of the greatest points of his dye was that it could not be removed. At least he thought that it couldn't, but the point had never been tested.

Now, here was a good opportunity to experiment.

He would commence with simple methods first.

"Suppose you try hot water?" he suggested.

Muldoon jumped eagerly at the notion.

"Sind for a tay-kettle an' hot wather an' a sponge," shouted he. "If there's no hot wather hot, why bile it."

At a barber's near by, he succeeded in procuring a small can of hot water.

"Here's your boiling spring," he gayly remarked.

Mr. Flew took the can.

Muldoon snatched it away.

"Give it to me," he said.

"Better let me apply the water," Mr. Flew demurred.

"An' have yez pour half av it down me back, an' the rest in me pantaloan leg? Divil a bit, I will do it myself."

"Be careful," Roger advised.

"Mister Roger Frish, Esquire, whin I want your advise I will tiligraph so on a postal envelope," grandly returned Muldoon. "Widdy, will yez please stand wan side. I might accidentally dhrop a gallon or so av hot wather on yez fut, an' oblige ye to purchase a wax wan."

The widow, accommodatingly, stood aside.

"Yez have no sponge."

"Take a stocking," Roger remarked.

"If I tuk yours I would fall dead the second it reached me nose," returned Muldoon.

Roger wisely shut up.

Muldoon took a towel and bent his head over.

He lifted the can and let the water shower on his cheek.

It was scalding hot.

Muldoon jumped about twice as high as himself, and let the can smash on the floor.

"Whirra—whirra!" yelled he. "I am burnt to death."

All present instantly crowded around him.

Mr. Flew hurriedly pushed him down on a sofa close by.

"Are you burnt much?" he queried.

"Burnt!" Muldoon replied, with a howl of pain; "burnt! Bedad, me cheek is a cinder, an' I can taste the ashes in me mouth. Get some chloroform an' kill me."

"Better send for a doctor," Roger hazarded.

"Send for a brigade av them an' a regiment av surgeons," begged the widow. "Oh, Terry, darlin', why did you do it; och hone—och hone. Ye will die!"

"Be Heavens, I am sure I will if yez kape on in that way," Muldoon snapped.

"Och hone, what can I do thin?"

"Act sinsible. Spit on me cheek to kape it cowld."

"Och hone, Terry, ye are joking."

"For the love av St. Patrick, Mrs. Halorahan, will yez shoot the 'och hone.' Say anything else—whisky, if you like."

The widow took the hint.

She treated.

Soon a gorgeous barkeeper with a white-napkined tray entered, and on the tray was an enticing array of bottles and glasses.

Muldoon's burn was not so severe but that he could take a neat nip of whisky.

All that the barkeeper did while he was in the room was to stand still and stare in blank astonishment at Muldoon.

"Was he born so?" he asked of Roger.

"Born how?"

"Green?"

"Yes."

The barkeeper continued to stare until Muldoon noticed it.

"Who in the devil are yez lookin' at?" bellowed he.

"You," promptly answered the barkeeper, who was a heeler from the Hook; a bad man from over the Rhine.

"What are yez regarding me for?"

"'Coz I took you for a chromo. Where's your frame?"

That was enough for Muldoon.

"It is not everybody that I allow to insult me," he shouted. "I dhraw the line at whisky-slingers an' assibllymen. Put up yer fist, ye gin-tosser."

The gin-tosser complied.

Muldoon sailed in with the anticipation of paralyzing his opponent with one blow.

"If I ever hit yez twice it will take Stanley to foind yez," he said.

"Cut it short," you flannel-mouthed Rooney!" pleasantly replied the other as he got on guard.

Muldoon led off with a terrific blow.

If it had ever hit the barkeeper his situation would have been to let immediately.

But it did not.

The barkeeper caught it on his right, and countered on Muldoon's nasal protuberance with his left.

The result was that the green on Muldoon's face became dashed with red—the red above the green, and below it, too.

Down went Muldoon, smashing a spittoon in his fall.

The barkeeper kicked viciously at him.

Muldoon, though, rolled over out of the way, and the barkeeper lost his balance and fell down also.

Muldoon quickly got on top of him.

"Kick me, would ye?" he remarked. "I'll chew the ear off av yez!"

He started to carry out his threat.

There was a fair prospect that the barkeeper would return to his saloon as a one-eared wonder.

But Roger concluded that the fight had lasted long enough.

He and Bobby Burke separated the combatants.

Muldoon got up, and regarded his nephew in disgust.

"It's a nice heeler ye are, Roger," he growled.

"Why?" asked Roger.

"I was on top av the sucker."

"What of it?"

"Ye are not a thoroughbred."

"Why ain't I?"

"Didn't yez see I had him in me power? If he were licking me then ye should interfere. Niver pull me off whin I have a picnic," and Muldoon retired to the sofa with a deeply injured cast of countenance.

As for the barkeeper, he got up, arranged his clothes, and grabbed his tray.

"Next time that I serve this here gang with drinks I'll bring along a club and a bull-dog!" he snorted.

"Bring along a crowbar an' a bloodhound if yez loike," retorted Muldoon. "I could lick yez wid a hardware store an' a dog show at yez back."

The barkeeper put down his tray, and seemed inclined to start a second pugilistic encounter.

Roger took him to one side.

"Get out," he advised; "don't you see the man is a maniac?"

"Crazy?"

"Wild. He'd just as lief pull out a razor and start a gashing match. Don't mind him."

So the barkeeper, with a muttered promise of future retribution, vamoosed.

After he was gone, Muldoon began bewailing his face again.

"Hot wather is P. S. No Good," he sighed; "the color will never come off."

"Suppose you try hartshorn?" suggested Bobby.

"Benzine," put in the widow.

"Go lay on the grass an' get bleached," grinned Roger.

"Shave," said Mr. Flew.

Muldoon shook his head mournfully at all the proposed expedients.

"Sure, I'm loike to an army mule; I'm marked for life," groaned he; "it is a veil I will have to assume when I walk out on the strate."

Suddenly a bright idea struck Roger.

"I know what will take the green off," he exclaimed.

"Injun-rubber?" sarcastically asked Muldoon.

"Nixy, cull."

"What, then?"

"Pumice stone."

"Are yez really opinionated to the effect that it would?" Muldoon said.

"You bet I am."

"Thin, be Heavens, go out an' buy a thruck full, an' dom the expense."

Accordingly Roger, accompanied by Bobby Burke, sallied out to the nearest drug store and purchased two big hunks of pumice stone.

"Have you got a table, sir?" was the first question Roger addressed to Mr. Flew, as he re-entered the room.

Mr. Flew had.

It was not a table to set alongside of a satin couch or a gilt-fringed sofa, but still it was a plain pine table, which answered every purpose just as good as if it had had a gold top and pearl legs.

"What do yez want of a table?" spoke up the widow.

"Want to see if it's alive," irreverently replied Bobby Burke. The widow bridled up.

"It is the House of Refuge ye should be boarding at instead av being here," she snapped. "Roger O'Malley, will ye answer a leddy's question like a gentleman instead of a Bowery loafer?"

"We're going to put Muldoon on it," answered Roger.

"For what?"

"For instance."

"Terry, darlint," cried the widow, in despair, "will yez lay there loike a dummy an' hear these young blaggards spaking to me wid disrespect?"

This pathetic appeal fetched Muldoon to his feet.

He arose with great majesty; green face and all.

"B'y's," said he, "ye forget the rispect due to a leddy. Act loike gentlemen, or, begorra, I'll walk on yez back till yez articulately blood!"

By this time Mr. Flew had arrived with the table.

He placed it carefully in the middle of the room.

"Repose on that, please," requested Roger, to Muldoon.

The Solid Man climbed upon it and lay down with an anxious look upon his pea-green visage.

"Will yez have the civility to inform me of the maning av this inquest?" said he.

"So that we can get at your face better with the pumice stone," Bobby returned.

"Now, some ropes, please," said Roger to Mr. Flew.

Muldoon was off of the table in a flash. He put on his hat. "Yez can't come it; I am too fly for ye, ye Canadian Thug!" he yelled.

"What's up now?" Roger queried, in astonishment.

"Didn't yez order ropes for wan?"

"Yes."

"It is no go; I have dropped to yer dodge."

"What dodge?"

"Yez desire to get ropes and strangle me for me gold. Not much!"

"Of all the suspicious old terriers, he takes the belivar," muttered Roger; then aloud:

"What are you giving me, anyhow? You see, the table is shaky—"

"Has it the yellow fever?"

"Stuff—and therefore I want to tie you fast to it, so that when we rub you our hands won't slip and put your eye out with the pumice stone. See?"

"It is no gum game?"

"No—square deal."

Muldoon got on to the table again. Mr. Flew got several ropes, and the boys tied Muldoon firmly to the table by means of his hands and feet.

The widow hovered around in great anxiety.

"Och hone—och hone! He'll—"

Muldoon raised his head.

"Woman!" he sternly ordered, "kape the 'och hone' to yer self, or by the socks av St. Patrick, I will blind ye wid saliva."

This awful threat apparently squelched the widow.

She subsided, and contented herself by expressing her anxiety with her eyes and not with her tongue.

Roger and Bobby each grabbed a hunk of pumice stone.

"Are you ready?" asked Roger.

"Yis," faltered Muldoon.

Rasp, rasp, went the rough stone on his face, rendered doubly tender by the scalding it had received a few moments previous.

"Howly murder!" he yelled, as he vainly tried to burst his bonds, "lave off."

"Does it hurt?" Roger calmly remarked.

"Does it hurt?" echoed Muldoon; "does it! Shoot me, if ye will, but don't butcher me by inches!"

"But the color has got to come off, hasn't it, Bobby?" said Roger, with a wink.

Bobby took his cue.

"Of course," he answered, "it will never do for your uncle to go out into the street looking like a pickle broken loose."

"Somebody would cage him as a curiosity. Think how his family would feel to see him stuffed in some ten-cent museum, with a label on him," continued Roger.

"I should say," said Bobby, absently regarding his companion in mischief, "that it is our duty to scrub him clean if there is nothing left of him but a set of false teeth. What do you think, Mr. Flew?"

Mr. Flew tumbled to the circus, and determined to assist it.

"It would ruin the reputation of my gallery to have a green-faced gentleman go out of it," he replied.

"There, uncle," said Roger, turning to his relative, "you see what we all think. You've either got to go out of here white or—"

"Dead!" finished Bobby, with solemn face.

Muldoon frantically tried to release himself from the table.

"If I was only free I'd make this chateau resimble the shambles," he threatened. "Untie me, ye suckers, until I lick the gang of yez!"

"Can't do it," complacently informed Roger; "you've got to be cleaned."

Here the widow interfered.

"Leave him alone," she entreated. "Faith, I'd love him the same if he was purple instead of grane."

"That's what the red-headed daisy said that he had up to the 'Tim Malone Association' picnic," promptly said Roger.

The widow turned sharply around.

"Did he take a girl to that side-stepper's picnic?" she asked.

"You bet he did."

"Who was it?"

"Mulcahy's sister Kate."

"That strawberry blonde, wid fate like Frinch flats?"

"That's her. Oh, he treated her like a lady—ice-cream, cake, banana fritters—ride home in a cab—yum!"

"I don't belave ye."

"Look in his locket; he's got her picture there to keep off cramps!"

The jealous lady made a dive for Muldoon's locket.

She opened it.

Sure enough, the tintype of a young lady confronted her.

"The hussy!" squealed she; "where is my picture that I gave ye, ye monkey-man coquette?"

"He put it down cellar to scare rats," Roger volunteered.

Mrs. Halorahan shut up the tell-tale locket with a snap, and flung it back to its utterly discomfited owner.

"Yez can scrub the side-boards off av the villain an' I'll not interfere," she said.

The boys were now masters of the situation; every one present was on their side.

They went at Muldoon lively, and got up a good circulation of blood in his face.

First he threatened to murder them, to scalp them alive, to do everything to them that was bad, bloody and terrible.

Then he changed his tune.

"Let up, Roger," he pleaded, "and I'll buy yez a Maltese dog."

No answer but the rasp—rasp of the pumice stone.

"I'll purchase yez a spitz cat!"

Rasp—rasp.

"I'll take yez to the Olympic Thayatre and buy yez a bouquet to fling at the faymale monsters."

Rasp—rasp.

"Howly Moses, stop, whirra! I'll buy yez a plug hat an' a pair av high-heeled boots, an' let yez stand on the corner an' scrutinize the shop girls."

Rasp—rasp! Roger was as deaf as a stone, or made out to be.

So poor Muldoon turned to Bobby.

"Bobby," he gasped, with tears in his eyes, "ye are a foine lad; ye are a credit to your family."

"If yez will slaughter that son-of-a-gun av a nephew av mine I'll lave yez a poll-parrot an' a monkey with a long tail, whin I die!"

Bobby winked, on philosophical principles.

"Not for Bob!" he murmured; "you have got to get that green off your face or die—that settles it."

"An' me, too!" groaned Muldoon, turning as a last resource to the widow.

"Arrah, Bridget, alanna, can yez stand by an' see yez own Terry kilt before yer eyesight?"

"Take Kate Mulcahy to the picnic, will yez?" icily answered the widow.

"Shure I didn't; she took me!"

"Give her ice-cream and root beer?"

"Divil a bit; it wur a sody cracker an' wather."

"Bring her home in a cab?"

"A five-cint cab, wid a money-box at aich ixtemrity."

"Carry her pictur in yer Milton gould locket?"

"It is not hers."

"Whose is it?"

"Me grandmother's."

"Ye fib loike a politician," rejoined the widow, "an' I will not interfere."

His last hope of intercession gone, he howled like a fiend.

As luck would have it, the policeman whose beat was on the street outside was the same Dutch cop who had bothered Muldoon so at the circus, and showed him off to an astonished crowd as the Borneo gorilla.

He heard Muldoon's cries.

"Py Gott!" he said, clutching his club, "somepody vos gedding killed! I must pe on hand to finish the job."

He mounted the stairs and burst into the room.

"Vat vos de racked?" he asked.

"Be Heavens, it is cramating me that they are!" wailed Muldoon. "Gaze at me visage!"

CHAPTER V.

The Dutch policeman sucked his club and looked wise. "Where haf I seen you before?" he asked of Muldoon.

"Sing Sing," promptly replied Roger.

"Blackwell's Island!" cheerfully seconded Bobby Burke.

"You poys vos too recent," growled the peeler; "petter go git oldt. Where did I see you before, mister?"

"Domned if I know!" groaned Muldoon; "if yez do not interfere yez will niver see me again except as a corpse."

The peeler gazed at Muldoon.

And buried himself in thought.

From which he soon emerged.

"Py Shiminy!" said he, a light of intelligence on his face, "I knows who you vos. You vos de gorilla man—dot Irisher dot dey took for a monkey."

"Be Heavens, ye are Mickey Gugenstine, the pretzel-ater," yelled Muldoon.

The policeman looked at him doubtfully.

"You haf insulted the police," he remarked. "I haf a tam goot mind to glub you, anyhow."

"That's all right, officer," politely said Roger; "don't mind him; he is a little off."

"Drunk?"

"No; worse."

"What?"

"Green fever."

"Gott in Himmel, vat vos dos?"

"Brother-in-law to yellow fever."

"Vos it gatching?"

"Stagg his face. All the block is sick with it. Coffins have all given out, and we're using piano boxes. It's terrible!"

That was enough for the peeler.

He swallowed the taffy whole, and got out on the double quick.

"Will ye save me?" shrieked Muldoon.

"Go to the dyufel," replied the cop, as he skipped downstairs and ran to the station-house to report that a green fever epidemic had broken out in Harlem.

After he was gone Roger considered. The joke had been carried quite far enough—at least in its present location.

Therefore he untied Muldoon.

"We better get home," said he.

"Anywhere where I can kill meself," groaned Muldoon, as he got up and felt of his face, which was as sore as a face could be.

"Shall I call a carriage?" asked Mr. Flew, obsequiously.

"A hearse would be more suitable," murmured Muldoon.

"Make it a barouche," suggested the widow.

"Muldoon would be a fine-looking pill to ride around in an open barouche," laughed Bobby. "Better get a sprinkling cart and put him inside with the water."

"Mr. Robert Burke," said Muldoon, with dignity, "ye are too brand new; yez organs of spache are too enlarged. I will have a cab."

A cab was procured.

Roger, Bobby and Muldoon got in, the widow going home mad because she could not ride around in ostentatious splendor in a barouche with red wheels.

The cab load went home very quietly.

Except that Muldoon smashed all of the front glass windows with Bobby because that young gentleman persisted in singing the "Wearing of the Green."

On his arrival home Muldoon went to bed.

He stayed there till the next day.

Then he arose.

Roger called in Bobby.

A consultation was held in the cozy little dining-room.

"How in the divil will I get rid of the grane?" was Muldoon's stereotyped wail.

Various plans were proposed.

Roger suggested that he take a Turkish bath and sweat it out of him.

Bobby wanted to go at it with soap and water, but Muldoon vigorously objected. He had got all he wanted of the scrubbing process.

At last Roger had an idea of scintillating brilliancy.

"I've got it!" he yelled.

"Does it hurt?" asked Muldoon, with evident solicitation.

"Taffy; it's an idea."

"Roger, hould it fast; put a padlock on it. It is the first idea ye iver had in your life. Put a padlock on it! What is it?"

"Whitewash."

"Who?"

"You."

Muldoon glanced pityingly at him.

"Sind for a sergeant, Bobby," said he in a stage whisper, "his intellect is collapsing! Does he take me for a picket fence?"

"Laugh all you want to," good-humoredly responded Roger, "but wait till I tell you my plan. Uncle, you can't go around with that green face, it is impossible. You'd get the laugh wherever you went. Now, if I whitewash you artistically—"

"Whitewash me how?"

"Artistically."

"Roger O'Malley, ye will do nothing av the sort. If ye whitewash me at all, it will be wid a brush. None av yez Frinch divility for Terrence Muldoon!"

"All right," said Roger, "then we'll whitewash you with a brush."

"Will it hurt?"

"No; we'll use a hair-brush if you say so."

"But if I get meself decorated wid whitewash—begorra—folks will be taking me for a wall, an' salivating upon me."

"Nonsense!"

"How can I wash without the whitening coming off?"

"Don't wash—sweat."

Muldoon was perplexed. On one hand he did not want to be of a green shade; and on the other, the prospect of becoming transformed into a perambulating pillar of whitewash was anything but pleasant.

He chose what he imagined was the lesser of the two evils. He determined to get whitewashed.

"Prepare the ingredients, and slaughter me," said he.

It did not take Roger and Bobby long to prepare a good, stiff pail of whitewash.

Procuring a brush, they brought the apparatus into Muldoon's presence.

"Strip!" ordered Roger.

"Who?" asked Muldoon.

"You, of course."

"An' what for?"

"Havent we got to whitewash all of you?"

"Faix, me thrunk is not grane."

"I know it, but you see if only your face is whitewashed it will be very injurious."

"Ixplain."

"Your larynx will get lost in your glottis, and the tissues of the capillary submaxillary will rot the carotid gland and the duodenum will conflict with the tri-cuspid ventricles."

"Howly Heavens!" gasped Muldoon, "will somebody slug him wid a liver? Is it Arabic ye are giving me? For the love of Purgatory, where did yez grasp the worruds?"

"It's so," seriously assured Roger.

"I would never have belayed it, although I had me suspicions. Go on wid the whitewash act."

Muldoon slowly undressed.

Until he was very near naked.

Meanwhile the boys quietly guyed him.

"He has a fine form," said Roger.

"Bully for a hat-rack," returned Bobby.

"Do you think it breathes?"
 "Spit on it, and see if it will float."
 "Don't breathe hard or it will fall apart."
 "Wonder did it come up through a crack?"
 "Be aisy!" ordered Muldoon, "and eventuate the massacre."
 He stood up against the wall. Putting paper on the floor to protect the carpet, the boys went to work.
 Whack! went Roger's brush on Muldoon's face.
 "Be Heavens; put the pail in me eye; ye have got the brush there now!" yelled he.
 "Don't mind a little thing like that," soothed Bobby, as he filled Muldoon's mouth with whitewash. "Now you won't need any dinner, old man."
 Oh, it was lots of fun for the boys.
 A regular clam roast with surf bathing.
 They did Muldoon up in the highest style of art.
 "If you'll go and stand out in the moonlight folks will take you for an icicle," grinned Roger.
 "I know a bully place for him," said Bobby.
 "Where?"
 "Up at Central Park. Let him get his mouth full of water, and squirt for a fountain."
 "It's a foine time ye are having at me cost," he ruefully uttered. "How long will it be before I am dhry?"
 "Three years!"
 "Howly Moses! And have I got to remain undressed all av the toime?"
 "Certainly."
 Muldoon leaned up against the wall, the personification of despair.
 "If yez can kill me widout being aware av it, do it," he pleaded.
 Bobby shot a reproachful glance at Roger.
 "Roger is only taffy peddling," he said; "the whitewash will dry in an hour. Come upstairs and stand in the sun."
 Muldoon gratefully complied. He tramped upstairs.
 He left marks of his progress all along the route.
 There was whitewash on the stairs, whitewash on the balusters, and additional whitewash on the walls. Even the cat that brushed by him on his way up, retreated to the cellar with a whitewashed tail.
 Finally, though, he came to anchor in the garret, Bobby persuading him that that was the best place to dry in, owing to the sun shining directly in through the skylight.
 Roger fixed him in a good attitude.
 Then he went and got a board.
 A nice, white, shaven pine board, and he took out a blue pencil.
 Going down on his hands and knees he chalked on the board the simple sentence:
 "Hands off!"
 Muldoon looked on curiously.
 "Fwhat are yez doin' that for?" said he; "who the divil do yez suppose would imagine that the board iver had hands? why don't ye put on another line, wid 'Fate Missing?'"
 Roger laughed, as he replied:
 "Oh, it will do good enough as it is."
 "What are yez goin' to do wid it?"
 "Hang it around your neck for a locket."
 "What do I want of it around me neck?"
 "Somebody might rub against you and get all whitewash." The reason was a very illogical one.
 But Muldoon accepted it, and like a lamb consented to let the board be gracefully hung around his neck.
 Then Roger and Bobby went away, leaving Muldoon standing there, looking for all the world like a marble statue of some ancient Irish god.
 The boys went downstairs.
 They dived into the closet, got out a box of Muldoon's best cigars and opened a bottle of claret.
 Roger lay off in the easiest chair, lit his weed, and put his feet up on the highly-polished table.
 "Num-num!" he murmured, sipping his claret, "how's this?"
 "Strawberries and cream," replied Bobby, puffing away on his cigar like a lord.
 "Milk and honey!"
 "Honey on a bee's wing."
 "But suppose that Muldoon takes it into his head to come down here?"
 "He can't."
 "Why?"
 "The door's locked."
 Thus assured of his personal safety against invasion, Bobby applied himself with redoubled zeal to the cigars and claret.
 He even gave vent to his feelings in a song.
 But it was suddenly interrupted by a ring at the door-bell.

"Cheese it!" yelled Roger, as he kicked the cigars under the piano, put the claret bottle inside of the bookcase and ran to answer the ring.
 Three ladies were there, and a gentleman.
 One of the ladies was fleshy and innocent-looking, another was thin and shrewd-looking, and the third was middling, and had a face which contained about as much intelligence as custard pie.
 As for the gentleman, he evidently lived on the broad grin.
 Roger politely asked the party their business, as he did not know one of them from a crow.
 "We have come to look at the house," replied the first lady, cheerfully.
 "You can look at it all you want, no charge," answered Roger, in wonder.
 The lady noticed his tone of hesitation.
 "It's all right, ain't it?" said she. "I saw the advertisement in the paper this morning. House to let or for sale. We've come to examine it."
 A light broke upon Roger.
 The crowd were house hunting, and by some accident had arrived at the wrong house.
 He thought he might get some fun out of their mistake.
 Therefore, he opened the door with a very obsequious air.
 "Perambulate into the moated grange and I will show you the castle with joy," he observed, as solemnly as an owl.
 The ladies stared hard at him, and the gentleman grinned more than ever.
 Nevertheless they entered.
 "My name is Mrs. Grab," said the first lady. "That gentleman is my husband. This lady (the shrewd-looking one) is Miss Primp."
 As for the third lady, she was not introduced. She did not appear to have any name, and seemed simply a sort of lay-figure brought along to swell the crowd and fill up the tableau.
 Roger bowed.
 "My name is Philadelphia Baltimore Fresh," he announced.
 "I will show the house. Where would you like to go first?"
 "Cellar!" snapped Miss Primp.
 "Sorry, but we haven't any."
 "No cellar?"
 "Nixey, madam."
 "Where is it?"
 "We've stored it till winter. Won't you please to scrutinize the parlors?"
 Miss Primp sniffed suspiciously, and said that she would.
 Accordingly Roger headed the assemblage into the parlor.
 Bobby was there.
 "Who's that?" asked Miss Primp.
 "My brother, Oshkosh Guttenberg Recent," said Roger; "Oshy, help me conduct these ladies round the house."
 In the parlor were hung portraits of the Muldoon family. Muldoon had painted them himself. He was a great artist. There was a pleasing vagueness about the portraits that was entirely original with Muldoon.
 All the portraits had square heads, circular bodies and big feet.
 The men bore a close family resemblance to gorillas, and the women looked like apes. Oh, Muldoon was a gigantic hit as an artist.
 Miss Primp stared at them in visible disgust.
 "What are those daubs?" she asked.
 "Scripture heroes," glibly lied Roger; "fellow with a red head, Moses; fellow with tin sword, Aaron; fellow all feet, Samson; fellow chewing pie, Patsy Bolivar; fellow with cramps, George Washington."
 "Good Lord!" grinned Mr. Grab, with open mouth.
 "Fact," said Roger; "they were all imported from Paris, were they not, Oshy?"
 Bobby said "yes," and Miss Primp kept silent. But she evidently thought a good deal.
 Roger carried them all over the house, guying them to his heart's content.
 Finally he took them up into the bath-room.
 The bath-tub stood on one side.
 Over it, as is customary in city dwellings, was the shower bath, elevated to a distance of some eight or ten feet.
 "What sort of a bottom has that bath-tub?" snapped Miss Primp. It was dark in the bath-room, and she could not see very well.
 "Meerchaum," was Roger's reply.
 "I don't believe it," decisively replied Miss Primp; "it is my opinion that you do not speak the truth."
 "Look and see," answered Roger, with the voice of a martyr. Miss Primp obeyed.
 She bent over the bath-tub to examine its bottom.
 Roger slyly turned on the faucet of the shower bath.
 There was a rushing noise, a warning drop or so, and then

—splash!—splash! with the force of a mountain torrent the water showered down on the unfortunate Miss Primp.

She gave a yell that could be heard for a mile, and bobbed back her head.

It was dripping with water.

Her hat was soaked through and through.

“Oh, ouch!” she shrieked. “I’m drowned! Help—help, somebody!”

Roger grabbed her, and gave her a towel.

“Here, quick! rub yourself with that. How in thunder did the shower bath turn on just then?” he shouted, with well-assumed disgust.

“You busted it yourself the other day,” said Bobby.

“So I did,” mourned Roger, “and somebody must have accidentally touched the faucet. Madam, I wouldn’t have had it happen for worlds.”

“Me neither,” wailed Miss Primp. “Oh, dear, I wish I was dead! Here is my new hat completely ruined; my back hair is all wet, and I’ve got water all over my dolman.”

“Good Lord!” remarked Mr. Grab, grinning harder than ever.

All hands went to work to repair the damaged lady.

Roger was foremost in the work of Samaritanism.

She begged for camphor to restore her shaken nerves.

He brought hartshorn, and had the pleasure of seeing her gasp for breath and nearly execute a somesault at the first smell she took.

Then she wanted a hot iron to press her bonnet with.

Roger got one, and at the first attempt scorched one side of the bonnet to ashes.

Finally she grew suspicious, and repudiated all his offers of assistance.

“I believe you know more about that shower bath than you let on,” said she, as she got herself to rights somehow. “I don’t believe it was altogether accidental.”

“Purely so,” assured Roger, innocent as a selected angel.

“Well, I don’t like this house, and I’m going home,” said she, with particular emphasis on the *I*.

“We’ll go, too,” said Mrs. Grab; “the house don’t suit me, either. It has no balcony, no southern exposure, and no cellar.”

“Good Lord!” complacently remarked Mr. Grab, in a terrible grin.

They were about moving off when a second intellectual thought came into Roger’s noodle.

“Beg pardon, ladies,” said he, “but wouldn’t you like to look at the statue?”

“What statue?” was Mrs. Grab’s query.

“A marble statue of Brian the Brave, made by a relative of ours. We intend to put it in the Museum of Art next week, and the management are now fitting up a niche for it. It is now in our garret.

“Is there any shower bath connected with the statue?” asked Miss Primp, with cutting sarcasm.

“No,” answered Roger.

“Then I don’t mind looking at it.”

The rest assented, for Miss Primp appeared to be the leader of the party. She walked first with Mrs. Grab, and the no-account lady without a name followed with Mr. Grab. Needless to say, Mr. Grab was on the grin.

Roger led the way up into the garret.

He unlocked the door.

Muldoon was still there.

He was soliloquizing when he heard the snap of the lock.

“Arrah, but this is a foine situation,” he was grumbling; “stuck up in a garret wid whitewash all over me, an’ basking in the sun loike a dirt turtle. Wondher who it is that is about to enther now?”

When he saw the procession, headed by Roger, come into the garret, he actually blushed.

“Women, begorra!” he muttered, “an’ me wid about as much garmentry on as a birrud. What is that imp av the divil up to now?”

He soon found out.

Roger advanced, and with a small cane pointed out Muldoon, in orthodox showman’s style.

“This is the statue of Brian the Brave,” he said; “what do you think of it?”

Miss Primp turned up her nose.

“It looks like a gorilla!” said she.

“Its legs are crooked!” said Mrs. Grab.

“Good Lord! when mouths were given out, it got two!” grinned Mr. Grab.

“What a nasty nose!”

“It looks like a Mexican idol!”

“What horrid big feet.

“Poke it!” said Roger, giving Miss Primp the cane.

Miss Primp did so.

Muldoon winced visibly.

“It moves!” cried she.

“It is hardly dry yet,” explained Roger. “Have you seen all you want of it?”

“Yes,” snorted Miss Primp; “if I was you I’d put it in the cellar instead of the museum. Who owns the house, anyhow?”

Roger and Bobby exchanged winks.

“A riddle, named Muldoon,” said Roger, soberly.

“Is he in?”

“Yes, ma’am, for six months.”

“In prison?”

“Yes, ma’am. He is an awful hard case. He stole a sidewalk, which was the whole support of a family of orphan widows.”

“The wretch!” groaned Miss Primp.

Muldoon could stand it no longer.

“Be Heavens!” yelled he, “I am not a statue! My name is Muldoon, an’ I will lick any sucker that blaggards me!”

“Good Lord!” exclaimed Mr. Grab, actually stopping grinning in his surprise.

CHAPTER VI.

At Muldoon’s unexpected action and outcry the Grab crowd was perfectly paralyzed.

Mr. Grab turned as pale as a whitewashed fence.

“Good Lord!” he gasped.

Mrs. Grab gave a hysterical screech.

“I shall faint!” she cried.

“Don’t,” pleaded Muldoon, “the place will not stand it. Do yez desire to shipwreck the house?”

“It speaks again!” yelled Miss Primp, who had been regarding our hero with protruding eyes.

“Is there anything remarkable in me articulating, miss?” politely asked Muldoon.

“Are you alive?”

“Did yez ever behold a corpse that could walk and spachify? Smell av me breath, if ye think I am dead.”

“Who are you?” feebly asked the astonished old maid.

“My name is Muldoon.”

“Then you are not a statue?”

“Divil a bit!”

“And your name is not Brian the Brave?”

“Brian the Bum would be more loike it.”

Miss Primp looked at him, and remembered that her maiden modesty should be terribly shocked at the sight of a half-clad gentleman, now that she was persuaded that he was not a statue.

“Put on a pair of—of—of—” she stammered.

“Cuffs?” asked Muldoon.

“No—no; p—p—”

“Pepper?”

“Mercy, no. I mean p—p—”

“Paper collars, ye daisy!”

“No—no; I mean—”

“She means pants,” blurted out Mrs. Grab, recovering from her desire to faint. “You ain’t in the South Sea Islands, sir, and you ought to know better than to go around with nothing but a sheet around your waist.”

“Begorra, it is not a sheet, it is a matthress,” replied Muldoon.

“No matter what it is. Put on your clothes.”

“Shure, I don’t want them whitewashed,” blurted Muldoon.

“Good Lord,” groaned Mr. Grab, “the statue—I mean the man—is painted!”

“Whitewashed, be Heavens!” corrected Muldoon, sternly.

Of course female curiosity was at once aroused.

Even the lady with no name seemed to come to life, for an enigmatic expression of curiosity—or despair, it was hard to tell which—appeared on her face.

So Muldoon was coerced into telling the whole story of the unlucky visit to the photograph gallery, and the fatal result.

Pity was instantly expressed for him. Mrs. Grab was equal to the occasion.

“I have a brother that is a chemist,” said she; “you had better call on him, he may be able to remove the dye. Whitewashing yourself is all nonsense. How would you ever wash!”

The thought impressed Muldoon deeply.

“Bedad, I niver thought av it,” he said. “Suppose that I had got caught in the rain! Wid yez kind permission, ma’am, if yez will direct me, I will visit yer brother immediately.”

Mrs. Grab said she was willing to go right off. Miss Primp said she would waltz along also. As for Mr. Grab and the female riddle with no name, it was understood that they would follow the others.

"Roger!" shouted Muldoon at his nephew, who had discreetly remained silent during the event above narrated, "ring the telegraph alarm for a burglar boy to git me a barouche."

Roger obeyed. He rang the telegraph and a boy soon appeared, who quickly got a carriage.

Muldoon dressed, and in company with the others entered. They all drove down to see Mrs. Grab's brother, who was a chemist on Second avenue.

By the aid of a chemical wash he quickly removed the green and restored Muldoon's face to its original hue.

Muldoon was happy.

He took everybody to supper at a fashionable restaurant, paid for it like a man, hired a private box at the theatre, and went off on a howling spree, arriving home about 3 o'clock in the morning, escorted by a staggering crowd of friends.

The consequence was that the next day he had a head on him of surprising magnitude.

"How do you feel?" asked Roger, as his uncle came down to breakfast in the morning.

"All broke up!" groaned Muldoon.

"Totter, eh?"

"Bedad, I belave I have got the yellow faver."

"Not much. Have a little brandy?"

"Roger O'Malley, niver mention the name of the alcoholic beverage to me. Henceforth I am a temperance man. I will niver dhrink a glass of liquor hereafter."

"What will you take—a soup bowl?"

"No thrifling, Roger. It is in earnest I am. I am going to join the Daughters of Temperance nixt Sunday."

Roger only laughed, and Muldoon took a seat at the table.

Nothing suited him.

"Where did you get the bread?" asked he.

"At the baker's," replied Roger, who was chief of the culinary department.

"Why didn't they give yez an ax to cut it wid?"

"Give it up."

"Faix, it's hard enough to make an illigant corner-stone for a church. Why don't yez get a chain and confine the butter?"

"What for?"

"It is so strong that it will be getting up an' walking out av the door if ye don't watch it."

"Guess not, uncle."

"See if it don't. What in the divil did yez put Coney Island sand in the coffee for?"

"Tain't sand."

"Is it Boulevard gravel?"

"Sugar."

"If that is what yez call sugar I want molasses hereafter. Please bring me a gun to shoot the beefsteak apart. Somebody has been sharpening me knife on a brick."

At last Roger got tired of his incessant complaints about the bill of fare.

"You need bracing up," said he.

"Ye're right."

"Take a holiday."

"Where to?"

"Jersey. Go a-gunning."

"What aither—mosquitoes?"

"No—game."

"Such a fat lot av game as there is in Jersey! Begorra, yez could hunt over it for centuries, an' the only thing yez could shoot would be red mud."

"I can take you to a place where you'll find lots of birds."

"Yis, yez'll conduct me to the Central Park to gaze at sparrows."

"No, to Jersey. Will you come?"

"Shure I haven't got any gun except one that belongs to Mrs. Flynn's baby, an' all that will shoot is a stick. I'm saving it to shoot alligators wid whin I go to Staten Island."

Roger soon overcame the last objection.

The doctor, who lived next door—the one who had suggested Muldoon's memorable horseback ride—was a great gunner.

He owned half a dozen guns.

At Roger's earnest request, he readily consented to loan Muldoon one.

Roger took it—for himself. For Muldoon he went down the street and borrowed a gun off of Bobby Burke.

It was a phenomenal gun.

One of those guns you read about but very seldom see.

It went off one out of eight times.

Then it shot up through the touch-hole and paralyzed the shooter.

Its barrel, though, was its great beauty.

It was bent in six places, and, therefore, if by any miracle the gun did go off, the bullet went off in a circle.

Shoot it at a cow in front of you and you would be sure to kill whatever happened to be behind you.

This was the gun that Roger, in the simple goodness of his heart, selected for Muldoon.

Arriving home he handed it to his uncle with a sober face.

Muldoon examined it carefully.

"What do yez call it whin it is well?" queried he.

"A rifle, of course."

"Is it a stem-winder?"

"Breech-loader, you mean."

"So you say."

"No," explained Roger, "they ain't safe. The gun you've got is. It is a double-reversible, spring-cylindered, patent-chest-protected repeater."

"For Heaven's sake don't give it away, for no one will believe it. Are yez ready to go?"

Roger said yes.

Shouldering their guns, they went to a hardware store and purchased powder and shot.

There was a stiff gentleman at the counter who was examining a revolver.

Muldoon eyed him.

"Do yez recognize his nibs?" he whispered to Roger.

"It's James," simply answered Roger.

So it was James. James, Mrs. O'Malley's English servant.

"Ye starched son of a poker, how are yez?" shouted Muldoon, striking James on the shoulder with force enough to nearly knock him through the case.

James turned around with a howl of pain.

He was very much pleased to meet Muldoon. About as joyful and gratified as if he had come face to face with a smallpox hospital.

"Ow are you, Mister Muldoon?" he said.

"Coruscating," politely replied Muldoon. "What are ye doing up here?"

"Buying a revolver."

"To shoot yerself wid?"

"Aw, no; to practice with."

Muldoon seized him by the shoulder.

"What are yez going to do to-day?" he inquired.

"Nothing h'extraordinary. H'I 'ave an 'oliday."

"Thin yez will come wid us. Say ye won't, ye walking ramrod, and I'll plug yez till ye spit red!"

"H'I can't, really. H'I 'ave got an h'engagement," protested James.

"Be Heavens, if yez don't go wid us, yez will have an engagement to ride down Broadway in a hearse," answered Muldoon.

"Where h'are you going?" gasped poor James.

"Hunting. Bring that revolver of yours along to massacre crocodiles wid. Now, come wid us."

With a very white face, James protested that he hadn't any desire to go hunting. He would rather stay home and hunt free lunches.

But Muldoon wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Faix, ye're going, if we have to carry ye," said he. "If ye won't go any other way, shure I'll kill ye and carry ye in a pine box."

James saw that he was fairly caught, in reality as well as theory, for Muldoon persisted in keeping his hand on James' collar.

In this pleasant and sociable manner he marched him out into the street.

It was a curious procession.

First came James, then Muldoon with his remarkable gun, and Roger brought up the rear.

Of course this unique pageant instantly attracted the attention of the small boys.

They immediately made up their minds that James was a captured prisoner.

"Bet he's stole a dorg," said one.

"Goin' ter git six months for swipin' handkerchiefs," said a second.

"Won't he look nice a-breaking stone with a cannon-ball on his leg," gleefully chanted a third.

"Say, mister, what is he collared for?" asked a fourth of Roger.

"Stole a church," solmenly replied that truthful lad.

James was hot with shame.

"For 'eaven's sake, gemmen, let me walk h'alone," he begged.

"Niver," Muldoon replied; "ye are going hunting and we want a target. Ye are it."

So James had to go along, followed by a hooting, mocking crowd. He wished that he was dead, that a street car would run over him, that a train would fall off of the elevated railroad and crush him, or in fact that anything would happen that would free him from Muldoon's clutches.

Nothing of the sort happened.

He was marched straight to the ferry and across to the Jersey shores.

A train was taken to a quiet little village.

At the station they all got off and plunged at once into the woods.

Muldoon inhaled the pure atmosphere. He grew enthusiastic about it.

"Do ye smell the fragrance av the buttercups and the scint av the chistnuts?" he asked.

"All I smell is something dead," practically said Roger.

"Ye have the catarrh. It is the blossoms av the coffee-rose."

"Who ever smelt roses in October?"

"Roger O'Malley, ye are too recent. Don't you smell the illigant perfume, James?"

James tremblingly said that he did.

He was fearful that Muldoon would blow the whole top of his head off if he made a contrary answer.

Roger made no reply.

He led the way across a small clearing.

And all the way Muldoon kept gassing about clover and roses, pure country air and honeysuckle scent, and so forth, and he made the miserable James corroborate every word that he said.

By and by Roger stopped at a fence.

He pointed triumphantly on the other side.

"There," he said, "is your sweet smell. A dead horse."

Sure enough the rotting carcass of a horse lay there, almost covered with flies.

Muldoon was nonplussed. But with his usual cheek he put it on James. All of the ignominy—not the horse.

"It's a gilded liar ye are, ye British blonde!" said he fiercely.

"'Ow's that?" faltered James.

"Ye war giving me taffy about smelling honeysuckles an' stink weed. Begob, can't yez tell a horse that's too ripe from a bouquet?"

"You said so yourself; H'I h'only h'agreed with you," said James, completely astonished.

"I'm a liar, am I?"

"H'I h'only h'observed that H'I——"

"I will have none av yer back talk," Muldoon roared, "ye have proved yerself a liar. It is me duty to punish ye."

James got white in the face and his knees shook.

"Please let me go 'ome," pleaded he.

"Do ye hear the voluptuary cheek av the what-is-it?" stormed Muldoon; "he wants to gome home. Ye will niver, ye English conundrum; ye are doomed!"

James felt as if he wanted to die right off.

"Take this Henry Mud," commanded Muldoon, producing a cigar from his vest pocket.

James took it as if fearful that it might explode and slaughter him.

"Put it into your mouth," Muldoon continued.

James did so.

"Now light it!"

The order was obeyed.

"Now go an' stand beyond that bull-chestnut tree, and fold your arms."

"What h'is h'it for?" James ventured to ask.

"Be Heavens, I intend to shoot the saygar out av your mouth," replied Muldoon. "I will do it or die. I have killed six men already attempting the fate, but I am bound to succeed. Get into position, Docthor Carver."

James plumped down upon his knees.

"Spare me—H'I 'ave a wife an' h'eight children 'ome," wept he.

"I don't care if ye had one child an' eight wives."

"But my h'old mother depends h'upon me for support."

"If I kill ye I will hire a naygar to take care of her. Will yez get under the tree?"

"Mister Muldoon, h'I'll——"

"Me name is not Muldoon; it is Cornaylius Tough. If yez don't do as I tell yez I'll shoot yez an' spare the saygar."

James saw that entreaties would be of no avail.

He went to the tree with the eagerness of a condemned criminal going to the gallows.

It would have been an excellent shot that could have knocked the cigar out of his mouth, for he trembled so that the weed appeared to be beating time for a lively galop.

"Stand still, ye sucker!" yelled Muldoon.

"H'I can't!"

"Yez will whin I put a ton av bird shot into yer corporosity. Ready, fire, aim!"

Muldoon pulled the trigger.

The gun didn't go off.

It was one of the gun's peculiarities.

James made up his mind not to stand the chances of a second trial.

He took to his heels with the fleetness of a gazelle.

Muldoon grabbed the gun and started after him.

"Bedad, I'll shoot him now, anyhow!" he yelled.

James led him a chase through a field.

In the field was a bull.

A bad bull with a wicked heart, and a pining to kill somebody as an agreeable change from the monotony of grass-cropping.

He caught sight of Muldoon.

And he started after him with a tremendous bellow.

Muldoon heard it and cast a look behind him.

"Begorra! I am pursued by a he cow!" he shouted. "Roger O'Malley; Roger, ye devil!"

"What?" replied Roger, who, as a matter of course, was in a safe place.

"Hould on to that bull's tail till I git out av his rache."

"Shoo fly!" answered Roger, hurling a huge rock at the bull, which missed him and struck Muldoon on the ankle.

"Show me the sucker that did that, an' I'll fight him for a cup!" roared Muldoon.

He was on the top of a fence as he spoke the words.

James was just a little ahead, fleeing for dear life.

Muldoon paused on top of the fence to rub his leg.

This was the bull's opportunity.

He hooked Muldoon right under the coat tails. Bang went Muldoon's gun, and James uttered a dismal howl.

"H'I'm shot!" wailed he.

As for Muldoon, he went up into the air like a rocket and landed down into a ditch.

It was full of water—dirty water—and he got a baptism of mud.

"Throw me a life-preserver. I'm dhrounded!" he sputtered, endeavoring to spit the mud and water out of his mouth.

The bull was looking at him from over the fence. As the bull was not a hurdle-racer, he could not get over the fence very well.

Muldoon took off his coat, also his hat.

He piled them up nicely in a heap, and began a wild Afghanistan shadow dance.

"Come on, ye fresh baste," invited he, "an' I'll paste the grass out av ye."

The bull was unable to comply, though, doubtless, he was willing enough.

"Ye're a poltroon, ye are a coward; ye ain't a bull at all, ye're a snakin' fishworm. Come up an' hit a man whin his back is turned, ye four-legged Turk! Bejabbers, I'd spit in ye: eye an' blind yez for a cint," Muldoon observed, at the top of his voice.

The bull only bellowed.

Then Muldoon got reckless.

He hurled bad names at the bull. Also mud.

"I'll presint yez wid a fall ulster of mud, ye reptile av the Ganges!" proclaimed Muldoon.

Whether it was the mud or the remarkable holy show that Muldoon made of himself which frightened the bull is uncertain.

Anyhow, he turned and fled to other pastures.

Muldoon put on his hat and coat.

"Roger, ye spaldeen, did yez see me discomfort the baste?" he asked.

"What?"

"Did ye see me demoralize the riddle? It is the boss bull-fighter that I am. Shure, I'm going to Spain, Massachusetts, an' captivate the leddies wid me agility in the bull-ring."

"Go 'way," sneered Roger.

"Do yez mane to say I am not a truth teller?"

"You ought to write a fairy story, old man."

"I did. I said ye wur good-looking. The gang tould me I wur a liar, an' slugged me wid polonaise sausages the first time I took a lemonade on the avenue."

A series of howls interrupted this friendly verbal set-to.

"What's broke loose now?" asked Muldoon.

"James," calmly said Roger, walking up as cool as a cucumber.

"Where is he?"

"On the ground."

"Has he a spasm of melancholy?"

"Guess you shot him."

"St. Patrick be glorified! Let me investigate."

Sure enough, James was lying on the ground, writhing and groaning.

Muldoon and Roger approached.

"Have ye the flying jim-jams?" Muldoon sociably asked.

"H'I'm killed!" groaned James.

"Is it dangerous?"

"You 'ave murdered me."

"The devil ye say! Where did it take place?"

"H'in my—h'in my rear."

"Thin, begorra, I have blowed out yez brains! Turn over, ye spaldeen, till I hold a consultation over yer remnants!"

James did as requested.

Muldoon made the examination. It disclosed that James was unhurt. The shot had only shattered a brandy bottle, which was in his coat-tail pocket. But the concussion was so great that James imagined he was a goner, sure.

"Faix, it's a terrible shame!"

"What h'is h'a shame?" James inquired.

"The waste av good brandy. Why didn't yez put the liquor in your chatelaine bag, ye swell?"

CHAPTER VII.

This little shooting incident put an end to Muldoon's gunning expedition.

He came home good-humoredly, though, and stopped at Washington Market and purchased a quail.

"No one can give me the laugh for goin' out shooting an' coming back with nothing to show for it," he said, as he put the quail away in the basket.

"Why don't you buy a bigger bird?" asked Roger.

Muldoon regarded him with a smile of superiority.

"Roger," said he, "ye have no B. H."

"What's that?"

"Big head, ye donkey. Ye see I have a small gun, an' consequently I can only shoot a small bird. Ah, Roger, it is a vivid intellect I have."

Roger acknowledged the truth of his uncle's remarks.

And offered to carry the basket.

Roger had a purpose in so doing.

While Muldoon stopped to lick a car driver for not waiting till he got past before starting his car, Roger went to a fish stand, bought an eel and substituted it for the quail.

Two policemen having separated Muldoon and the car driver, he and Roger continued their way to Harlem.

Right near the house they met a servant girl of Muldoon's acquaintance. She was pretty, she was red-headed, she was Irish. Therefore, Muldoon cultivated her acquaintance.

"What are yez doin' wid the gun, MISTER Muldoon?" she smiled.

"I have been hunting, ye Canadian coquette," lovingly replied Muldoon.

"What luck did ye have?"

"Gigantic."

"Ye are fooling."

"Divil a bit. Shure, I shot three elephants and a lobster."

"Really?"

"By the cross of St. Stephen. Bedad, I came near massacring a sea-cow."

"An' why did yez not?"

"There wur not any to massacree. If I had comprehended that I would meet you, Nancy Lee, I'd a brought ye home a giraffe wing to wear in yez hat."

The girl grinned knowingly.

"Ye are giving me taffy on ice," smiled she.

"Luk into the basket," replied Muldoon; "I have a Hoboken aigle inside."

The girl obeyed.

Cautiously she took the lid off.

Out wriggled the eel.

"Howly mother!" yelled she, starting back in horror, "it's a snake. Kill it!"

Muldoon was thunderstruck.

"Where did it come from?" gasped he, as he chased it around the sidewalk, and tried to step on its head.

"Hanged if I know," said Roger.

"Where is me quail?"

"Gone to look for Charley Ross."

"But how did the eel get in the basket?" persisted Muldoon, jumping on the eel with both feet.

Of course the slimy thing slipped away, and Muldoon sat down in the gutter on himself.

As for the servant girl, she turned up her nose.

"MISTER Terrence Muldoon, Esquire," said she, with great dignity, "do ye see any green in my eye?"

"No; ye are a daisy," answered Muldoon, at random, wondering what was to come next.

"Then niver try to play any av your tarrier tricks on me," she snapped, moving off with as much dignity as if she owned a tenement house with seven door bells, and lay abed till three o'clock in the afternoon.

Muldoon gazed ruefully after her.

"To think av the princely fortune I have wasted on that fairy, too," he sighed.

"Have you lavished much gold on her?" asked Roger.

"Lavished is a good word, Roger. If I were yez I would have it varnished. Be Heavens, I have indulged her loike a quane. It was only yesterday I bought her a taycup full of peanuts and tuk her to Calvary Seminary to read the picturites

on the tombstones. An' now she has shook me," lamented Muldoon.

He felt so badly about it that he was compelled to go into a gin dispensary to brace up.

"Thought you swore off of drinking," remarked Roger.

"So I have for playasure, Roger. This is medicinal," gravely said the old humbug.

"Are you sick?"

"I have a tuberose on my leg. Give me lemonade wid a telegraph pole in it, barkeeper."

The barkeeper did so.

He did it again.

And several more times.

Muldoon began to feel jolly—wanted to waltz up the street with a beer keg in his arms, and chassez to every hydrant.

"Let's have some fun to-night, Roger," he proposed.

"All right," readily responded Roger; "but come home first and take off the hunting togs."

Muldoon agreed.

He went home and dressed himself up in his best. His hair fairly shone with bear's grease, and his whiskers were carefully combed.

"How do I luk?" he asked. "Ain't I a swell av the day? Will yez gaze at me posthure? This style, six for three cents."

"You look immense," was Roger's criticism.

They took a Third avenue car down to the Bowery.

Alighting at Grand street, they strolled down the busy avenue.

Somehow every five minutes Muldoon got into a position where he couldn't see what time it was, and had to go into a saloon to see.

The result of this frequent time-seeing was that the Solid Man got sociably tight.

But it only made him more mighty and awe-inspiring.

He buttoned up his coat, and walked along like a duke.

"Be Heavens, me name is Terrence Muldoon, and I am a Solid Man," he persisted in repeating. "Come wid me an' I'll thrate ye dacent."

By and by they struck a sort of concert saloon.

Most of the hall was occupied by tables, at which groups of men were sitting, smoking and drinking.

The rest of the space was taken up by a sort of rude stage, erected at a short distance from the floor on wooden supports.

Muldoon entered and pushed his way through the crowd.

At one of the tables sat an English swell, sight-seeing.

As Muldoon passed he hit the glass of ale which the swell had in his hand.

Over it went on its owner's fancy fall suit.

"My h'eyes, this h'is a blarsted outrage, you know" exclaimed the swell.

"Did yez articulate to me?" politely asked Muldoon.

"H'of course. Your blarsted carelessness 'as spoiled my togs, dem the blooming luck!" angrily replied the swell.

Muldoon took off his hat.

"Spit in it for luck, Roger," said he.

Roger complied.

"Now hang me vest on the flure."

"All right."

These rapid changes placed Muldoon in his bare head and shirt-sleeves.

"Whoop!" he shouted, as he doubled up his fist and gave the astonished swell a rap that sent him sprawling over the table, "wan for ould Ireland. Get up, ye bloody Sassenach, till I knock ye stiff. Whoop! wurra! somebody step on the tail av me ulster."

Muldoon's actions and his wild language had by this time attracted the attention of most all in the saloon.

Somebody kicked Muldoon's hat out of Roger's hand.

Another mischief-maker caught it when it came down and boosted it up again.

"Slug the dicer!"

"Stab the bandbox!"

"Shoot the kady!"

"Knock the stopepipe!"

Thus howled the crowd as they fired the old hat around lively.

It was lots of fun for them.

But it wasn't for Muldoon.

He started on a frantic chase after his head-gear.

Just as he would reach it and go to grab it, somebody would kick it away, and the chase would commence anew.

Finally, tired and exhausted, he went to the proprietor of the place, who stood laughing behind the bar at the racket.

"Where's me hat?" Muldoon panted.

"What hat?"

"Me Sunday hat. Begorra, I paid twenty-six cints for it in the Bowery."

"You never had a hat."

"Do yez mane to say that I came in here wid no bonnet?"

"Of course. Billy, did this riddle have a hat on when he came in?"

Billy, who was the barkeeper, took his cue promptly.

"Gent didn't have a hat," he said; "told me that it had just been run over by a car on Third avenue."

"I'll lave it to the gang!" cried Muldoon, as a last resort.

The "gang" deliberately went back on him.

"You had a soap box on your head."

"No, he didn't, it was a handkerchief."

"I'll take my oath it was a bonnet with red flowers in it."

"'Twasn't; 'twas a tomato can tied on with a chain."

"Get out, he had two feathers stuck into his hair and he told me he was an Injun."

So they contradicted each other, and got a grand laugh on Muldoon.

He saw that he was the victim of a practical joke, and that he might as well make the best of it.

So he ordered drinks all around, and finally his hat was restored to him, bruised and battered almost beyond recognition.

But he was so thankful to get any of it at all, that he put it on without a murmur and took his seat at a table.

Presently a close-cropped gentleman, with a gorgeous red necktie and a phenomenally dirty face, carried a table onto the stage.

He put it down and advanced to the front.

Holding up his hand for silence, he shouted in a husky voice:

"Gents: By special request Patsy Fagan an' O'Leary's Mouse have volunteered to give a friendly set-to with the gloves. In h'order to see a square mill I have undertook to be referee."

A roar of applause followed this announcement.

Canes rapped on the floor and glasses rattled on the tables, and the referee retired with a low bow.

Hardly had the applause subsided before Patsy Fagan and O'Leary's Mouse, both in full ring costumes, but with gloved hands, appeared upon the stage.

After a preliminary shake, they indulged in a rattling mill, which seemed to afford the audience much pleasure, judging by the applause which followed.

At the conclusion of the round Patsy Fagan retired, but O'Leary's Mouse kept the stage.

This was explained by the referee coming forward and saying:

"Gents, h'if any one of you would like to put on the gloves with the Mouse, he is h'agreeable to oblige."

Up staggered Muldoon, only knocking over three chairs and upsetting the table as he did so.

Roger pulled him back into his seat again.

"Where are you going?" asked he.

"To bate the nose in av the tarrion on the stage," replied Muldoon.

"For Heaven's sake sit down; you'll get killed," advised Roger.

"Divil a bit."

"You can't box."

"Shure I won the first prize, a gould-plated barn, at a boxing match at Limerick, Spain. I was matched to box wid a conundhrum, that weighed a ton and had a fist that meant death."

"How did you lick him?"

"He died the day before the match came off. See me paralyze the Mouse, as they call him. Begorra, he looks like a whale."

In vain Roger tried to persuade his uncle from going on the stage to oppose the Mouse.

Muldoon had imbibed just enough whisky to make him unreasonable.

He was going upon that state to slaughter the Mouse—going to break him up fine and use him to clean spittoons with.

Accordingly he rolled upon the platform with his hat set very much over one eye, and a shoulder swagger that would have caused Pat Rooney to die of jealousy could he have seen it.

"Me name is Terrence Muldoon, and I am a Solid Man!" shouted he; "give me a pair av gloves, an' allow me to murdher the gossoon wid the red head!"

As the Mouse happened to be the possessor of a head of hair always in a blushing state, he naturally considered the speech personal.

He squinted down at Muldoon.

"Do you want to get butchered?" asked he.

"I am undertaker, and I want to box wid yez to get rid of a coffin," answered Muldoon. "What is yer size?"

"Hope you have bid good-by to all your friends," sneered the Mouse.

"An' I anticipate ye have settled the quantity av carriages that ye desire to folly yez to the grave," returned Muldoon.

"Gentlemen," interfered the referee, "h'if you are going to box—box, but give us a little less jaw melody."

"Somebody put the gloves on the corpse," sarcastically requested the Mouse.

"I can do it myself," said Muldoon, and sure enough he succeeded in getting the articles named on to his hands in a wonderful style.

He advanced toward the Mouse.

"Ye bar kickings?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Don't bite?"

"No."

"No prostrating av a jintleman an' jumping onto his stomach?"

"No."

"Then put yerself into position. Whoop! for the bowld Irish earthquake."

Muldoon made a terrific pass at the Mouse's head. If the Mouse had been six feet higher than he was, Muldoon might possibly have hit him hard.

As it was, his blow passed over the Mouse's skull, and, by force of his own blow, he lost his balance and tumbled down without the Mouse moving a finger.

"Some son av a gun put grease onto the flure!" yelled Muldoon, as he tumbled. "Foul!"

The spectators roared with laughter, and the referee assisted him to rise.

Muldoon was more cautious in the next round.

By some tremendous streak of blind luck he actually succeeded in hitting the Mouse in the nose and drawing blood.

He was prouder than a pink cat with a blue tail, or a three-legged rooster with feathers on his legs.

"Arrah, gaze at me, b'ys," he said, strutting up and down the stage; "I am N. G. Faix, I'm a sthraw; blcw on me an' I'll fly away. I am not a boxer, am I? Shure, I'm so delicate that I intind to place meself in a hot-house."

"Give us a rest and get inter posish!" growled the Mouse, not a little riled at having been touched by a novice.

The next round was very short.

Muldoon's intention was to knock the Mouse's nose out of his ear.

If the Mouse had been tied to a post and deprived of the use of his fists, Muldoon might have succeeded.

As it was, the Mouse planted a staggering blow under Muldoon's ear, lifting him clean off his pins.

He crashed down on the floor like a load of bricks.

The referee ran to him.

"Shall I throw up the sponge for you?" asked he.

"Throw up a poi if yez wish!" Muldoon groaned.

"Yer acknowledge yerself beat?"

"Niver!"

"Then what the bloody blazes do ye want me to throw up the sponge for?"

"Bedad, I thought yez had swallowed a sponge and it disagreed wid yez."

The referee muttered some inarticulate words about Irish fools and Hibernian blockheads, and respectfully requested Muldoon, if he intended to continue the fight, to get up, as he, the referee, didn't want to waste more than six years of his life seeing the affair out.

"Will yez plaze wait a second till I stick me eyes in again, and loan me some spit till I plaster me ear on?" Muldoon asked.

Finally, though, he got all ready.

"Yez had better buy a slate," he said to the Mouse.

"What for?" asked that gentleman.

"To write a farewell poem to your friends, requesting them to sind yez a refrigerator an' a palm-leaf fan by express after yer death."

"Oh, you're too new!" growled the Mouse, squaring off.

Muldoon tried to drive both fists through his opponent's body, and thus use him as a stereoscope to look at pictures with.

The Mouse objected.

With his right duke, as it is called in sporting parlance.

Muldoon walked to the back of the stage on his head, and sat down in a sort of a key-ring fashion.

"Be Heavens!" he cried, "show me the gilly that hurled tha' brick and I'll murdher him!"

"No brick hit yer," grinned the referee.

"Then it wur a stoneyard!"

"Nothing but the Mouse's fist."

Muldoon sat up and wiped the blood away from his nose.

"Bedad, I thought it wur a battering-ram," he said.

"Time!" called a voice from the audience.

"Twenty minutes av twelve," answered Muldoon, looking.

"He wants to know if yer going on with the mill?" corrected the referee.

"Faix, I couldn't go on wid a sewing machine, much less a mill," sighed Muldoon.

"Then get h'off the stage," said the referee.

Muldoon obeyed.

He crawled to his seat—all broke up.

Everybody complimented him, sarcastically, of course, but Muldoon didn't detect it.

He took all the expressed admiration for genuine.

At last he got to believe that it was he who had conquered.

"Arrah! it's me that is the boss shoulder hitter," he bragged.

"Did yez see me conquer the omadhaun? He won't be able to walk for a week."

"You're right," loudly coincided the gang, and Muldoon set up beer all around like a little man, and imagined he was far superior to the biggest-winged angel that ever flew.

By and by a serio-comic singer appeared on the stage.

She was like all the rest of serio-comic singers.

She had a good figure, an excellent bust, a rather brassy face, and no more.

In fact, she didn't sing.

She yelled.

But as Muldoon rather preferred the music of a boiler factory to a grand piano, her lack of voice did not tend to check his admiration.

It was openly expressed.

At the top of his voice.

"She's a daisy!" he enthusiastically uttered.

"She's a ham!" growled Roger.

"She's a darlint!" thundered Muldoon.

"She's a whale!"

"She's a coquette!"

"She's a sea-horse!"

"She's a lamb!" finally emphasized Muldoon.

He called to a boy who was peddling bouquets.

"How much are they?" asked he.

"Twenty-five cents apiece."

"Give me six."

"Going to start a flower show?" queried Roger.

"Divil a bit. I'm going to fling them to the birdie on the state."

"Well, of all the old blockheads!" Roger said.

Muldoon regarded him with only such a look of superior intellect and commiseration as a drunken man can put on.

"There was a b'y kilt for not minding his own business," he said, warningly; "if ye do not put a night-latch on your tongue there will be two."

"Oh, throw a whole beer garden at the wreck if you want to!" answered Roger.

Muldoon hurled all of his bouquets at once.

One of them fell in a spittoon; another one hit a bald-headed man; two fell down on the footlights and smoked dolefully, while the rest reached the singer.

She picked them up, and smiled sweetly at Muldoon.

"Bedad, I've mashed her," he smiled. "Set them up for the Solid Man again!"

Then he went over and talked to the proprietor of the place for a few minutes.

He returned all smiles.

"Wait for me at the little door around the corner," he whispered to Roger.

"What for?"

"Sure I'm going behind the scenes to see the daisy."

Off he went.

Roger went around to the little door indicated.

Out came Muldoon very soon.

He looked dejected and sad, and terribly sold.

"Hire a hearse for me, Roger!" he gasped.

"Where's your mash—your daisy?" asked Roger.

"Be Heaven she is a terror! She is seventy-nine years of age, and owns a red-headed husband wid a glass leg. Shure, she wanted me to buy her a gould horse for looking at her."

CHAPTER VIII.

For a while after his experience at the Bowery free-and-easy, Muldoon kept rather quiet, and did not go about as much as usual.

But one bright morning Alderman O'Malley arrived.

He had his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on, and he was uncomfortably aware of the fact.

"Where are yez going, ye gaudy blonde?" jokingly asked Muldoon.

"Official business," answered O'Malley.

"Is it for the city?"

"Ye are right."

"An' what may it be? Counting the cracks in the pavement, or ascertaining whether the City Hall has not got lost in the fog?"

"Naythur."

"Thin what is it?"

"There is a new lunatic asylum opened, an—"

"You are to be the first boarder," quietly put in Roger.

"Roger, ye are too forward!" reprovingly said his father. "Ye should chew brine. As I wur about to say, there is a new lunatic asylum—private—opened up town. They have a number av maniacs already. Some sucker has kicked because the jingleman av the place poured hot wather down one av the madmen's necks to keep him quiet. So the jingleman has sint down, inviting the Board av Aldermen to make an investigation. They have appointed me."

"Going now, dad?" Roger asked.

"Yis; Muldoon, will yez come?"

"Wid playsure."

"May I come, pop?"

"Yis; but I hope, begorra, that one av the maniacs will kill yez!" groaned his much-enduring father.

Soon the three started.

They took a coach.

Of course the alderman charged it to the city. The city is rich, and just keeps its aldermen that their splendor may dazzle country villages.

The private mad-house of which they were in search was in Morrisania.

It was a handsome stone mansion, surrounded by a high brick wall, entirely shutting out all view of the grounds.

Muldoon rang the big brass door-bell loudly.

"Is the lunatic asylum widin?" he queried grandly to the trim housemaid who came to the door.

"Sir?" she faltered.

"Is the mad-house at home?" repeated Muldoon.

"Dr. Pangburn is in," she said.

"Is he boss av this chateau?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then state to him that the Boord av Aldermen are out on the stoop, waitin' to be axed in. Are yez a lunatic?"

"Not much, sir."

"Be Heaven, I thought you war. Will yez phonograph what I said to the docthur?"

The housemaid vanished from sight, leaving the visitors in the cold, bare hall.

Muldoon looked critically around.

"Divil a thing is there for anybody to stale here—not aven a hat-stand," he said. "I wondher where yez spit—on the ceiling or on the wall?"

Just here Dr. Pangburn arrived.

He was a sleek, fat little man, with a black mustache, dyed, and a bald head.

He was so glad to see his visitors, and he wanted them to see everything.

At the same time he dropped a fifty-dollar bill on the floor.

The alderman picked it up.

"Ye dropped this, doctor," said he.

The doctor winked just perceptibly.

"I think you dropped it yourself, alderman; better put it into your pocket," he replied.

The alderman tucked it safely away with a cough.

"It is a gilt-edged report wid pink tassels on it that the doctor will get," shrewdly whispered Muldoon to Roger.

The doctor led the way to the spacious grounds.

Quite a number of the poor unfortunates confined in the place were there, wandering around in the open air.

Muldoon got separated from his party for a second.

A tall, stately man, with a small wooden hatchet in his hand, approached him.

"Are you George the Third?" he asked, politely.

"I am not," promptly returned Muldoon.

"Are you Queen Elizabeth?"

"It is a foine dummy for a quane I'd make, wouldn't I?"

"Are you the river Nile?"

"Divil a bit. I'm the Erie canal."

The tall man passed his hand across his brow with a puzzled air.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"No, sir."

The tall man drew himself up to his full height, and towered above the Irishman.

"I am George Washington," he proudly said.

"Ye're giving me taffy!"

"Don't you see my little hatchet?" growled the lunatic, shaking his wooden toy.

"Did yez cut down the pine tree tar drops wid that?" asked Muldoon.

"I did."

"Yez lie. Ye couldn't cut down a bush wid it, barring a tree."

The tall man grabbed Muldoon by the shoulder.

"You are George the Third—George the Third in disguise," he shrieked, shaking him. "You have come over here to spy out our weaknesses and try to crush us. Ah—ha—villain—I have ye!" and he shook Muldoon as bull-terrier would a rat.

Muldoon yelled like a bull.

"Somebody lay the sucker out wid a club," he implored.

Dr. Pangburn was there in a secord.

He fixed his eye on the tall man. Before the eagle glance of the physician George Washington quailed, let go of Muldoon, and trembled like a leaf.

"Off to your room, sir," ordered the doctor, in the same tone of voice that he would use to a disobedient dog.

Without a word the poor creature slunk away.

The doctor turned to Muldoon.

"Never contradict a lunatic," said he.

"But he towld me he was George Washington. Shure, everybody knows that ould George has been dead for a cintury," said Muldoon, in extenuation.

"Never mind, always humor them."

"If one av them should say he were a pin-wheel, I ougarter agree wid him, an' offer to borry a match to set him off?"

"That's it, exactly," laughed the doctor.

Muldoon had an excellent opportunity within five minutes to try the new theory.

A stout man in a high plug hat approached him.

"Bow, you devil!" yelled he.

Muldoon bowed.

"If you hadn't done it, I'd a decapitated you! I've got a great mind to do so now, but I guess I won't. I'll ship you off to Arabia to help build my telegraph there," continued the fat man.

"Very kind av yez," said Muldoon. "I wonder who ye are?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte," thundered the fat man. "That gentleman yonder," pointing to a meek-faced idiot, who stood grinning near, "is King Henry VIII."

"Be Heavens! it is high-toned society that I am getting into!" reflected Muldoon.

"How is the Man in the Moon?" glibly rattled on the fat man.

"Bully," responded Muldoon.

"Did that apple pie that I sent him by carrier-pigeon agree with him?"

"It nearly killed him."

"Ah! sorry, but the Princess of Hungaria gave me the recipe. Do you know what she got for it?"

"Six months?"

"No, she—"

Here the fat man stopped the conversation. He did a few steps of a breakdown, took off his high plug hat, jumped on it, and whistled cheerfully.

Then as if by magic his face changed.

His happy look faded away.

In its place came one of piteous imploring.

"Give me my daughter," pleaded he.

"I will send her to yez by mail," answered Muldoon, fully determined to "humor" him.

"Where is she?"

"On the island, begorra!"

"Is she well?"

"Yez should see her ate!"

"Why did you take her from me? What did you want her for?" asked the poor man, the tears welling in his eyes.

"For a sign to put out in front of a coffee and cake saloon."

A sudden rage of insanity blazed into the fat man's countenance.

He knocked Muldoon flat with one blow of his fist.

"Lie there, villain!" he shouted; then, subject to another metamorphosis usual in mania of his type, he burst into a comic song, laughed merrily, and looked at the prostrate Muldoon in surprise. "Why, bless my soul, sir, did you fall?" he asked.

"No, I dhropped," Muldoon gloomily answered, as he picked himself up and walked away. "To the devil wid yez kings and Napoleon Bonapartes. Shure, somebody will come along pretty soon a calling himself St. Patrick an' welt me wid a club for sthaling Ireland. I humored the maniac that time, and I will have to wear an oyster pie on me eye for months."

But Muldoon soon forgot his troubles in a tasty little lunch, washed down by Piper Heidsieck, which that skillful diplomat, Dr. Pangburn, spread in the cozy little anteroom.

The alderman indulged too freely in the champagne.

His remarks began to be beautiful for their intelligibility.

"Mush make out my—hic—part of zer weshtergatin' 'mittee of zer boord av—hic—washerwomen," he hiccupped.

The doctor placed pen, ink and paper before him in a minute.

The alderman tried to light his cigar with a lead pencil, failed, gave it up as a bad job, and went to work.

"Dr. Pangburn's 'sylum ish a—hic—model. Noshin' wrong—hic—everyizing in best or ordher. Feed—hic—aldermen—mean lunatics—all—hic shamesing, anyhow, on—hic—oysters, champagne, an' z'gars," he sleepily repeated, elaborately writing on his paper with the top of his pen-holder.

Finally he dropped it in the nearest spittoon, forgot to take it out again, and dozed off in a nap.

"The alderman feels fatigued," remarked the doctor.

"It's a fit av remorse for not swigging more," said Muldoon.

"Suppose we go into the women's ward," proposed the doctor.

Muldoon assented.

Roger ditto.

"I guess I'll let a keeper show you," said the doctor, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him. "I'll stay here with the alderman."

A keeper was summoned.

He was a burly, good-natured chap named James.

He conducted them to the sitting-room of the women's ward.

Seven or eight women, all afflicted with some phase of dementia, were clustered there.

There was one particularly hideous old hag, who caught Muldoon's eye as he entered.

"I don't wondher she's crazy," he said; "the soight av herself in the glass would be enough to dhrive her completely off av her nut."

Judge of his horror when she made a bee-line for him.

"Birdie," she cried.

"Arrah, she takes me for a chicken," chuckled he.

"Darling," she lisped, with a horrible expression of tenderness on her wrinkled visage.

"I am not yez darling," Muldoon shouted.

"But you are."

"Whoiver mentioned the fact, lied!"

"Didn't you promise to love me?"

"Thin I must have been paralyzed dhrunk."

"You called me sweet and tender names."

"Ould shipwreck, for example."

"No—no; you called me a baby."

"Ye are 'way off. It is a fine form ye have for a baby. Get away, plaze, Queen Victoria, or whatever else ye call yerself," Muldoon requested, rather angrily, for both Roger and the keeper were snickering at him.

"What will you take for your mash, old man?" Roger asked, in a stage whisper. "She's a darling."

"They'd make a nice couple going down Broadway," absently said the keeper.

"If he ever took her to the circus, he need only pay for one," yelled Roger; "she could pass in as an animal."

Muldoon fidgeted, and tried to shake off the demented woman.

But she positively refused to be shook.

She clasped Muldoon in her arms.

"Kiss me, baby," she smiled, looking up into his face.

"Kiss her, you cold-hearted deceiver," laughed Roger. "Win her young heart, you old reptile, and then won't kiss her!"

"Plaze let go av me!" yelled Muldoon.

"Never!" said the crazy woman.

"But I have the itch!"

"I will never leave you, Charlie."

"Be Heavens, I have the small-pox! Ye will catch it!"

The unfortunate only shook her head.

"No—no, my dear," she persisted.

"Will some one plaze to accidentally kill the puzzle!" gasped Muldoon.

"You know she's your girl," said Roger. "Ain't he, Susan?"

The crazy woman laughed assent.

"He promised to marry me," said she.

"Of course you did, you old lizard! Said that you'd buy her a fifth floor in a tenement house, and have all your wife's relations forage on you," went on Roger.

He enjoyed the joke hugely.

So did the keeper.

Not so Muldoon.

He did his best to gently separate his new-found address from him.

But she wouldn't go.

She hung onto him with the tenacity of brown paper to taffy.

"Oh, take her off and marry her!" kept on Roger. "Treat her square!"

Muldoon got purple.

"Roger O'Malley, yez are too funny to live; yez should play trick-elephant in a circus!" he roared. Bedad, if somebody don't remove the lunatic from me, I'll butcher her an' set fire to the whole cabin!"

The keeper saw that the joke had been carried far enough. By a gentle exertion of authority he dragged the woman away.

"But he's my darling!" she said, piteously.

"That's all right," said the keeper, with a wink.

"Will he come back?"

"Right away."

"Will he bring me some flowers?"

"Be Heavens, I will bring yez a hot-house on wheels—if ye will only lave me!" promised Muldoon.

She moved toward the door.

"By-by!" she cried, kissing her hand to him.

"Do-do! tra la lee! over the gutter! jump the sewer!" volubly rattled Muldoon, as she finally disappeared.

After several jokes at the Solid Man's expense, Roger proposed going back to look after the alderman.

Muldoon acquiesced.

On the way back they passed through the yard again.

Muldoon lagged in the rear to take a chew of tobacco.

Suddenly a hand touched him on the shoulder.

He fairly shivered with fear.

"Whorra—whorra! I bet six dollars to a brass monkey that it's that crazy fairy come back to me again," he half uttered.

He would have lost his bet, for it was not the insane woman.

It was a gentlemanly appearing person, dressed very nicely, with a sharp, acute face. He wore a stylish silk hat and twirled a gold-headed cane in his hand.

"Been looking at the lunatics?" he suavely asked.

Muldoon confessed to the impeachment.

"Poor things, I pity them," continued the other; "I would not be insane for a good deal."

"Are you connected wid the institution?" Muldoon asked.

"Visiting it—ah, yes, visiting it. I have a great-great-grandfather here, a nephew of Oliver Cromwell. He's crazy as a loon. Thinks he is a spittoon. You would positively do him a great favor if you should spit on him. Poor man, it's sad."

"I should say so, sur."

"By the way, do you know my name?"

"No, sur."

"I'd give you one of my cards only I lent them all to Vanderbilt. He wanted them to sew onto his overcoat. I'm Jay Gould; maybe you've heard of me?"

Muldoon had.

He expressed his great pleasure at meeting the celebrated financier and shrewd Wall street magnate—or trickster.

"Much as I could do to get away from the Street," affably said Mr. Gould, "but I had to come up and see my poor uncle—and to let out a little secret, I wanted to think over a little speculation."

"Indade," said Muldoon.

"Fact, I assure you. There is a lot of us going into it. Tom Scott, Senator Jones, Vanderbilt, O'Brien and Pharaoh. Beg man, Pharaoh."

"Bedad, I thought Pharaoh was drowned in the Grane Say."

"Mistake, sir, mistake. He got out again. He is the master spirit of our enterprise."

Here Mr. Gould stopped and looked earnestly at Muldoon.

"You appear to be honest," he said.

"Never a Muldoon that wur otherwise, excepting a few that wur hung," answered Muldoon.

"I don't mind telling you our scheme. You won't divulge it?"

"On me honor."

Mr. Gould took Muldoon by the collar and placed his (Gould's) mouth to his ear.

"Jackasses!" he whispered.

"What?"

"Jackasses; it's the most gigantic project in the world; there's money in it."

"Faix, I fale to perceive anything in jackasses except divility."

"I'll tell you. We own at present sixteen million jackasses. We buy up every horse in the United States. People must ride

—we give them our jackasses, and command our own prices. See?"

Muldoon attempted to.

While he was trying to get the scheme in all its grandeur through his brain, James, the keeper, came back after him.

James plainly did not know Mr. Gould.

For he said, rather roughly:

"Here, you, Dobson, go back to your room."

Muldoon was horrified.

He took James aside.

"Are yez crazy, ye fool!" whispered he. "That is Jay Gould. Begorra, he has a terrific pull; his political influence is gigantic. He will have yez sacked."

"Who's Jay Gould?" asked James.

"The jintelmar ye addressed."

"Not much."

"He told me so."

"Probably. His name is Dobson, and he is about the craziest man here."

"Yez are looney, yerself. Shure, he let me into the secret of a big scheme."

"Jackasses?"

"How in St. Patrick did ye conjecture?"

"Easy," laughed James; "that is his mania. He imagines he is Jay Gould. He fools most everybody by his sober speech and quiet demeanor. He'll give himself away in a minute."

Sure enough, the self-imagined Jay Gould did.

He shook hands hurriedly with Muldoon.

"Good-by," said he, "really you must excuse me, but I have a very important engagement with Potiphar and O'Leary, relative to building an elevated railroad to the moon. Big thing—money in it—lots."

And off he hurried.

Muldoon looked after him with a look of bewilderment.

"Yez can slug me wid a sponge pot," he said, "if I didn't think that lunatic wur in his head."

Soon they got back to the room where they had lunched.

The alderman was snoring soundly.

Dr. Pangburn was writing.

He looked up as they entered, and smiled a smooth, oily smile.

"The alderman still slumbers," he said; "exhausted nature demands recuperation."

"A wet towel would be more sensive; shure, he'll have a head on him to-morrow morning loike a barrel," said Muldoon.

"And I have just written out a little report of this visit for him; his sentiments exactly," continued the doctor. "You see, he might not feel like writing it out to-morrow morning; will you see that he signs it, my boy?" and by some means a bill quietly slid into Roger's hand.

"You bet," emphatically responded Roger, his fingers closing over the bill.

He also took the report.

"Wake up, dad!" he yelled at the worthy alderman.

O'Malley slowly staggered to his feet; he looked somewhat doggedly about, and seemed to forget his whereabouts.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In your shirt, probably," laughed Roger.

"Me bye, yez had better tie a rope around your head to prevent your brains bursting out," replied O'Malley, almost over the effects of the champagne, and putting on an awful amount of dignity. "Gentlemen, we have inspected the asylum, have we not?"

"Yes, sir," obsequiously answered the doctor.

"Thin, in behalf av the Board of Aldermen av the city av New York, I pronounce the asylum all right, and the sucker that says otherwise is a dommed liar! Misther Muldoon, if yez will call for a train av cars we will go home!"

CHAPTER IX.

The great deference paid to Alderman O'Malley on the occasion of the lunatic asylum investigation, awakened feelings of envy in Muldoon's mind.

He desired to be a great man.

He pined to be an alderman and with the aldermen stand.

He confided his aspirations to Roger.

"Do yez know what I desire to become, Roger?" asked he.

"Give it up," replied Roger.

"Well, guess?"

"A gorilla?"

"Faix, I am near enough to wan now. But I will confide on ye, Roger. Am I not a popular man wid the gang?"

"Terribly. You haven't been hit with a brick more than six times this week on the street."

"Thin I wur not hit on the strate but on me head."

"Tremendous intellect!" sighed Roger.

"Now, I am a good, sober citizen," continued Muldoon; "shure, I niver come home dhrunk."

"You're right, old man. The police always get a hold of you before you have a chance to get home."

"Be aisy, Roger. I will diverge to yez a saycret. I intend to run for alderman."

"For what?"

"Alderman. I have a splendid faygur for wan, an' me pose would be majestic."

"Well, if you run for alderman I'll run my grandmother's monkey for senator," retorted Roger.

But neither satire nor advice could persuade Muldoon out of the idea.

"I'll ask somebody else about it," he said.

That night he went down to a near-by prayer-meeting, where there was a big bar and a free lunch.

There he met Major Gusher.

The major was a seedy old bum, who claimed to have fought in the Revolution, and in every war since. In his own estimation the major was a great man.

He was a politician, too.

To him Muldoon confided his intention of becoming a candidate.

The major thought that it was a grand and mighty idea.

"You're just the man we want," he cried, slapping Muldoon on the back; "it will sound grand: 'Muldoon and Liberty!' 'Muldoon, the People's Favorite!' 'Muldoon, the Workingman's Friend!' Come right upstairs and I will introduce you to a club that will nominate you."

"Do what?"

"Nominate you."

"Does it hurt?"

With a grin the major explained the meaning of the word.

"I conjectured that it was a sort av French boxing match," replied Muldoon. "Lade on, I follow yez, as Ginaler Muldoon remarked to the blaggard av a sheriff that hung him for shape staling."

The major led the way to a room upstairs.

In it were about twenty gentlemen in chairs, and one gentleman with spectacles at a desk.

The major advanced to this last gentleman.

"How are yez, Misther Gusher," said he.

"I am lofty, sir—lofty," answered the major, with dignity. "Mister Muldoon, allow me to introduce you to Senator McGrogan."

"Is he a rale senator?" whispered Muldoon.

"He represented Weehawken in the Sixty-ninth Congress," replied the major. "He is a B. G."

"What is that?"

"A Big Gun. He has a terrible pull."

"Senator, I am happy to meet you," said Muldoon. The senator bowed his acknowledgments.

"Members av the Casey Social Club," said the senator, "this is Misther Muldoon."

The club arose and bowed with the unanimity of a flock of turkeys.

The major whispered a few words into the senator's ear.

"After we transact the regular routine business we will attend to it," replied the senator. "Mr. Looseclothes, will yez give Mr. Muldoon a sate on the Turkish lounge?"

"Shure, a Persian rug will do," affably said Muldoon.

"Ye will sit on a cracker box," growled Mr. Looseclothes, as he dragged out the article in question.

Muldoon sat down without a smile.

"Be Heavens," resolved he, "if I get elected alderman me first act will be to sind that divil av a Looseclothes down to the bottom av the East River to investigate the Brooklyn Bridge wid a cannon-ball on each av his legs."

The president of the Casey Social Club proceeded to call the roll.

It ran something as follows:

"Mr. Hackensack, Assemblyman Pancake, Dionysius Tape-worm, Congressman Lush, Peter Fly, General Doublebreast, Patrick Recent, William Sarsfield Glue, Levi Moses O'Brien, Captain Two Dollar Tommy, George Sweeton, Mike the Biter," etc.

At last it was finished.

The president turned to his official record.

"I find that Patrick Montague owes this association three dollars—where is he?"

"On the island," piped a voice.

"Timmy Burns, the spieler, is also in our debt."

"Timmy just got ten days," answered a second voice.

The president shut his book with a bang.

"If this kapes on," said he, "there will be no necessitation for a club-room. The whole association will meet at the Isle de Blackwell."

Major Gusher whispered again into the president's ear.

That gentleman stood up into his chair.

"Jintlemen and fellow-prisoners," he began, "we are about to enter into a political campaign av magnitudinous importance. In this ward we want an alderman. Who shall we select?"

Mr. Looseclothes got onto his feet.

"I nominate Misther Isaiah Guttenberg."

The president gazed at him in contempt.

"Because yez owe him siventy-five cints for the robin-red-breast coat that yez went to the O'Leary Coterie Ball in yez desire to ring in wid him," said he. "Begorra we don't want an Italian for alderman."

"That's so!" yelled the club, in general.

Mr. Looseclothes sat down, grumbling, and the major arose.

"This is an epoch of incomprehensible importance, and reprehensible reprehensibility rests upon us in the bestowal of our personality in regard to our acquiescence in—"

"Misther Major Gusher," interrupted the president, "will yez plaze purchase a bôdy-ax?"

"What for?" asked the astonished major, pausing in his flight of eloquence.

"To chop six or seven syllables off of your language."

The major looked slightly annoyed, but he did not retort. Instead, he knocked right down to hard pan.

"For alderman I nominate Terrence Muldoon as the choice of the Casey Social Club," said he.

"I second the motion," said the president, Senator McGrogan.

For a while there was a little hesitation.

The Social Club looked at their president, and then looked doubtfully at Muldoon.

"It's all right, boys," whispered the senator, "he'll set up a whole keg of beer."

That settled it.

Amidst unroarious applause Muldoon was duly declared to be the choice of the Casey Social Club for alderman.

"The beer," whispered Major Gusher.

"Will yez kindly sind a flotilla afther a brig of beer?" requested Muldoon.

The president thumped loudly on the floor with a chair.

A trapdoor in the centre of the room slowly uplifted, and a big-nosed Dutchman appeared.

"Vot is it?" he asked.

"Yez will please bring up a keg av Milwaukee," said the president of the club.

"Vot?"

"Convey up a hogshead av Hoboken," loftily added Muldoon. The Dutchman slowly pulled down the lid of his eye.

"Vos there any green dere?" he requested. "Yer can't blay it again."

"What are yez giving me?" asked Muldoon.

"Dis groud of pummers day owe me for ein—zwei—drei kegs of beer already," said he. "Ven I axed dem to bay for id, dey said dat dey vould—de Fourth of Vashington's birthday."

"But I want the beer meself."

"You vas von of the gang. You gets your peer, und ven I asks you von the money you vill dell me to put id on the slade, und dot you vill come aroundt Christmas und kick id off. Nixey!"

The president's face during this revelation was a study.

"Mr. Krauseman, come here!" yelled he.

Mr. Krauseman obeyed.

"What do yez want to give away this corporation for before guests?" asked he. "That jintelman is a big man."

"I ton't care a tam if he vas a schmall von."

"He's going to be alderman."

"Then I'll never get the pay for mine peer."

"But he'll pay ye for it."

"Yaw; ven sparrows eat saurkraut."

"No; now, with money."

The Dutchman's face brightened.

"Das is all right," he said; "you vill haf de peer in a second."

Sure enough a keg soon arrived.

It was speedily tapped.

The effect of its free circulation was soon seen.

Each member of the Caseys got enthusiastic over their nominee, and promised to vote at least eight times for Muldoon.

He confirmed their fealty by a present of one hundred dollars to the club's treasury.

About midnight he left—half full.

All the club escorted him home.

With the exception of four who stopped to kill an Italian peanut peddler, and owing to a corrupt and rotten police fetched up into the station-house.

"Where did you pick up the vagabonds that came home with you?" asked Roger, who was sitting up for his uncle.

Muldoon postured very impressively.

Muldoon could do that to perfection when he was half full.

"They are the salt av the city, Roger," said he, "and they have nominated me for alderman. Hinceforth, I am a great gun. If I move me hand this way, Roger, I can turn this table into a nanny goat!"

"You'd better turn yourself into a bed," Roger laughed, going upstairs.

Two nights afterward the ward caucus for the nomination of alderman of Tammany Hall was held.

The Casey Club, with a band of music, a liberal display of Chinese lanterns and torches, escorted Muldoon to the hall.

It was jammed with delegates from the different districts.

"Are they friendly to me?" Muldoon asked.

"It don't make a bit of difference; we'll slug them if they ain't," said the president.

The first that occurred was the election of chairman.

Major Gusher was proposed.

"I object," howled a wiry little man; "he's a friend of Muldoon."

"Who objected?" shouted Mr. Looseclothes of the Caseys, who was now a furious partisan of Muldoon. Five dollars had done it.

The wiry little man was pointed out.

"Sling him through the window," said Mr. Looseclothes.

Three of the Caseys had him through the window in a minute.

"Anybody else object?"

Nobody else did.

Major Gusher was installed into the chair without a dissentient voice.

The various delegates next presented their credentials. Somehow every Casey was a delegate from somewhere or another. It was remarkable how the people had selected them to represent the popular sentiment.

The next thing on the programme was nominations for alderman.

A gentleman who ran a coat asylum in Chatham street got up.

"By request of the citizens of my district I want to nominate Misther Isaac Levi. Misther Levi vos a Spaniard, und—"

"Slug him!" yelled Jimmy Looseclothes.

In an instant somebody hit the proposer of Mr. Levi with a spittoon.

He lay right down on the floor, and only about sixteen kicked him out.

"Next!" said the major, cheerfully.

A square-shouldered, thick-set Irishman named Maloney arose.

"We don't want no bloody foreigners," said he.

"Thru for yez," muttered Looseclothes. "We want Americans."

"Yez are roight."

"Therefore I nominate a jintleman from ould Oirland."

"He is a Muldoon man. Heaven protect him."

"Therefore I call yez fur to support Misther Capulet O'Brien."

"Arrah, he's a darty Faynian spy," said Looseclothes in disgust; "slug him!"

It was a chair that stopped Mr. Maloney's speech. He went out of the hall over the baluster.

Nothing deterred by the fearful example, a colored citizen next arose.

He was a dandy nig.

His name was Mike Primrose; he wore lavender pants, a terror of a collar, and had a part chiseled in his wool.

"I desire to say a few syllables," he began.

"Spit them out," encouraged the major.

"Dere are a large currard element in the ward, an' dey needs representation. Derefo' I respectfully beg to suggest de cognomen ov Mistah Pompey Romeo fo' de office of alderman."

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Jimmy Looseclothes; "he'll be putting up a haythen Chinese next. Slug the smoked Cuban!"

Out of six stools hurled at Mr. Primrose, five hit him.

By the time the gang had got him out of the hall and placed him in the gutter outside, his glory had fled.

His lavender pants were now busted to bits, and his collar was all broke up. Truly he was as disgusted a negro as ever went in or went out of politics.

Senator McGrogan, after Mr. Primrose's lightning exit, took the floor.

He was greeted with terrific applause.

"Gentlemen," he commenced, "there are times when we demand reform and honesty in our public men. What we want is a candidate whose name shall be a symbol of justice, an allegory of virtue; jintlemen, whom shall we select? Whom better than our esteemed friend an' fellow-patriot, Mr. Terrence Muldoon?"

There was a whirlwind of applause.

Hats flew into the air, and the Caseys shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiasm.

"Speech—speech!" yelled they.

"Bejabers, I can't make a spache!" faltered Muldoon. "I niver made wan in me loife."

"Yes, you did," put in Roger, who had just arrived and got into the hall by swearing that he was a delegate from Portugal.

"Where was it?"

"In court."

"What did I say?"

"Not guilty."

A laugh followed, in which Muldoon did not join.

But he determined to show Roger that he could make a speech.

A table was hastily pushed forward, and he climbed upon it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am so highly related by the unexpected honor, that I hardly know where to begin."

"Begin in the middle and go both ways," yelled a fresh Casey, who was immediately knocked apart by Mr. Looseclothes as a reward for his humor.

"If I am elected," Muldoon went on, "be Heavens! everything will be different. Shure, ivery man needn't work at all if he don't want to. [Applause.] Bedad, we'll pay him seventy dollars a day for drawing his salary. [Uproarious applause.] Every b'y av yez shall have a sinecure in the City Hall, watching to see that the wind don't blow the clock off."

By this time the Caseys had got tired of Muldoon's speech. One of them knocked off his hat.

A second flung a glass of water at him.

A third put pie on his coat tail, and then kicked him.

"Begob!" roared Muldoon, "is this the way to trate a candidate? Let me down till I foight the crowd!"

"We don't want to treat the candidate, we want the candidate to treat us," gently insinuated Mr. Looseclothes.

Muldoon "tumbled" to the racket.

Drinks were speedily ordered, and the meeting broke up into a grand old hurrah.

Next morning Muldoon came down to breakfast with a head on him, but elevated, nevertheless.

"Did you see me nominated last night, Roger?" asked he.

"I saw you come home in an express wagon," quietly said Roger.

"That has nothing to do wid the question," pompously said Muldoon; "hand me this morning's paper, Roger."

Roger obeyed.

Muldoon took the sheet.

He began reading it.

As he read on his face was a study.

First perplexity, then anger, then fury, then blind madness.

Finally he jumped up, and dashed down the paper.

"Bring me a park av artillery!" he shouted.

"What?" echoed Roger.

"Bring me a rigiment av robbers!"

"Hey?"

"Borry a rifled battery an' a bowie knife!"

"What for?"

"Roger O'Malley, did I ever murdher me parent wid charcoal?"

"Not as I know of."

"Did I iver shtrip me little sister naked an' hang her out av the front windy by her fate?"

"I don't know, uncle."

"Well, I niver did. Rade the lies in this divil's own blagard, bloody newspaper."

Roger picked up the paper.

On the front page was a column, headed:

"Another Political Outrage! Moon-eyed Muldoon Nominated for Alderman by a Gang of Sluggers!"

Beneath it was several paragraphs relative to the ward meeting of the night before.

One of them read:

"Of Muldoon, the candidate of this corrupt crowd, the less said the better. He is simply a tough, illiterate, low-bred loafer. His character is stained with crime. On reliable information we can state that he stifled both of his parents with charcoal in an air-tight room, simply to get possession of a few dollars. Owing to this crime, he fled Ireland. It is also notorious that one night while in his chronic condition of beastly intoxication, he stripped his sister naked and hung her out of a front window of his house by her feet. It is a man of such atrocious reputation that we would have foretold would have been the choice of the opposition."

"There," gasped Muldoon, "what do you think of it?"

"Oh, it's only a song and dance," laughed Roger.

"What's that?"

"Taffy."

"Be Heavens, I should say that it wur rock candy. What do they blaggard me like that for?"

"It's the custom."

"Faix, I think that it would be an equally good custom to go down to the office an' shoot the Tommy that wrote it."

"Wouldn't do any good. That's just what they want."

Muldoon shook his head. He could hardly see the logic of the thing.

He send out for a second paper. That, too, happened to be in the interest of Muldoon's opponents.

That also had an article.

It was headed in big type:

"A Gas House Terrier up for Office in the 23d Ward. Monkey Muldoon for Alderman."

This article was just a little personal.

It said:

"Monkey Muldoon is a villain, who at the present time should be incarcerated in Sing Sing. The facts attending his murder of an inoffensive Italian on a truck in James Alley are too well known to be repeated here. Perhaps, though, some are not aware that he is now under bail for knocking down a respectable old lady at Fort Wayne, and stealing her hoopskirt!"

"I will be dommed if I'll stand it!" shouted Muldoon. "Fust they say I am moon-eyed, then they call me a monkey. Be Heavens, I will have blood!"

"You've got to get used to it," said Roger.

"Used to being called darty names?"

"Of course; every public man is always so blackguarded."

"Whirra—whirra!" said Muldoon; "if this is the way they reflect on me karakter whin I am only running for alderman, it is a blissid mercy that I am not a candidate for Congress."

"Why?"

"Shure, theyd av swore that I wur the half-brother av Pentius Pilate an' a niece av Benèdict Arnold's."

CHAPTER X.

Muldoon soon found out that the path of the candidate, in New York, is not covered with roses.

Rather, it is bestrewn with rocks. Muldoon had a club named after him; it only cost him two hundred dollars. Every member of the Caseys was working earnestly in his behalf, so they said. Ten dollars a day was what they valued their services at.

He got thousands of begging letters, every writer of which promised faithfully to work for him and vote for him if he wculd only reply to their appeals.

On the whole, poor Muldoon was nearly worried to death.

One morning he sat in his study—he had got a small room, with five bottles of whisky, a box of cigars, a table and pen and ink, which he called a study—trying his best to compose a campaign document to the free and intelligent voters of his district.

Presently the sound of a brass band broke in upon his meditations.

"For Heaven's sake, Roger, what is that—a thrained bear, or a regiment of artillery?" he shouted.

"Target company," replied Roger, looking out of the window.

"Shoot them!"

"They are coming down our street."

"Hang a flag out, an' tell them that we have the yellow fever."

"I bet they're going to stop here," said Roger, from the window.

"Run out an' put crape on the door. Remark that I am dead," pleaded Muldoon.

But the music grew louder and louder and louder.

Presently it stopped.

"Has the bass drum blown up an' kilt the whole squadron?" asked Muldoon, a hopeful expression on his face.

"Nixy."

"What thin?"

"They've stopped in the front of the house. They're forming into line."

"What for?"

"Guess they'll give you a serenade."

"Thin you may step around to the morgue an' ordher a reserved slab for me. If they intend serenading me wid that sheet-iron band, I'll nade it!"

Roger's conjecture was true.

The target company formed into line. At least they honestly supposed it was a line.

But it looked more like a rail fence on a drunk than anything else.

The band struck up.

One of the popular melodies of the day.

"Grandfather's Clock," begorra!" gasped Muldoon. "The people av Ameriky ought to club in an' purchase him a watch. Arrah, it is an educated band. Next they will be playing 'Nancy Lee'—that is, when I die."

"Grandfather's Clock" at last ran down—"it stopped short."

A sound of vigorous hurrahing followed.

"Are they taken wid fits?" Muldoon queried.

"No; they're hurrahing."

"What for—the segars?"

"No, for you."

Muldoon brightened up.

"See what it is to be populous wid the masses," he remarked.

"Would yez listen to their enthusiasm?"

Sure enough, shouts of "Muldoon! Muldoon!" were rending the air.

"They want to see you," said Roger. "Go out on the balcony and give them a song and dance."

"Do yez take me for a nagur comedian?"

"Oh, I mean taffy they up a little. Sling them a breeze."

"Begob, I will," said Muldoon.

He went out on the piazza—balcony we mean.

He was uproariously received.

"Hurrah for Muldoon, the pet of the people!" howled the captain of the company, a six-foot bandit, who had a sword for the first time in his life, and was visibly afraid of it.

The hurrah was given with a will.

Muldoon bowed his thanks.

The captain approached the balcony.

"Have yez got yer prize, old man?" said he.

"What prize?" Muldoon answered, interrogatively.

"Our prize for us to shoot for? What d've 'spose we're whooping 'round yer shanty for if it ain't a prize? Sling out a good one, too."

"I ain't got no prize."

"Datt's a kid. Give us a prize, or we'll all vote for Mulcahy, de bloat dat's running 'gainst yer. Savvy?"

Muldoon did "savvy."

"Have yez a tin-plated hat-rack, Roger?" whispered he.

"Nary."

"Or a solid brick castor wid wine bottles in it?"

"Nix."

"Thin what will I do? The divils want a prize. I've a good moind to give them you if they can guess what it is."

"Come, hurry up wid yer prize," interrupted the captain; "we've got ter git over ter Flatbush."

"What shall I give them?" faltered Muldoon to his nephew.

"Give them the front stoop!" grinned Roger.

"Ye are too comical."

"Tie the back yard up and let them carry it off!"

Muldoon put on one of his most crushing looks.

"Your intellect is too copious; ye have too scintillating an imagination," he said.

"Are yer goin' ter give us anything or not?" demanded the captain; "if ye are, hurry. Don't chuck us any brass coffee pots or brass lockets. Give us something reckless. I went an' slugged a duffer last night that said yer were an iconoclast."

"A what?"

"An iconoclast."

"Has it wings?"

"I give it up. Blazed if I know what it was."

"Ye're a gentleman," said Muldoon, fervidly; "shure, if I had been there meself, I would have butchered the liar. It is a foine karakter I am obtaining in politics. First I war moon-eyed an' now I am an iconoclast. Nixt they will be calling me a member av the Young Men's Kerosene Association, an' then I am ruint foriver."

"But the prize?"

"Here," and Muldoon pushed a fifty-dollar note into the captain's itching palm.

"You are a thoroughbred," said that person, warmly; "I'll vote for you six times, see if I don't. Hurrah for Muldoon, you sons of guns!"

The target company, thus adjured, hurrahd like lions.

Then they formed again, and with the band playing "Muldoon, the Solid Man," as a sort of delicate compliment to our hero, marched bravely away.

Muldoon reeled into the house.

"Bring me a pitcher av ice an' a chunk of wather," he ordered.

"What for?" Roger asked.

"I am all split out."

"What at?"

"There is fifty dollars gone. I might have bought a gould barouche wid pink wheels an' a four-in-hand. Bedad, if I had put fifty more on top av it I could have purchased Central Park."

"What made you give it to them?"

"They were a ferocious crowd. They would have pulled down the house if I had not. Niver mind, Roger, whin I get elected I'll make the city pay for it."

"You'll only get four thousand a year."

"How much?" gasped Muldoon.

"Four thousand."

"Will ye hit me wid a table?" howled Muldoon, getting up and going through an elaborate hornpipe. "Will somebody set me on fire?"

"What's struck you?"

"Roger, be Heavens, I have spint five thousand already. Divil fly away wid politics, anyhow."

Roger had a good laugh at his Irish uncle's expense.

But, anyhow, Muldoon had a rest during the remainder of the day.

Nobody bothered him.

He composed his campaign document, and a most remarkable piece of political persuasion it was; we only wish we had

room to give it here; it would paralyze all of our readers most successfully.

Consequently Muldoon felt quite proud.

He and Roger sat down to an early supper.

"What is the collation to-night, Roger?" said he.

"Corned beef!" was Roger's reply.

"What else?"

"Cabbage."

"What are the entrees, Roger?"

"Mashed potatoes."

Muldoon struck the table vigorously with the handle of his knife.

"That is a foine lay-out for an alderman, ain't it?" he remarked, reproachfully. "Whin I am elected, begorra, I'll have sponge-cake an' ice-crame and poi—or I'll have nothing."

"All right," laughed Roger, "when you're elected we'll have giraffe stew and fried bricks. Can I help you to some corned beef?"

Muldoon took some corned beef.

While he was eating and making obnoxious remarks about its old age and toughness, the servant girl entered.

"Some men to see ye, Misther Muldoon," said she.

"Who are they?"

"Shure, I don't know."

"Ax them for their cards."

"I did."

"What did they say?"

"The biggest man said that the only card he had was the Jack av Clubs."

"Show them in," groaned Muldoon.

"Probably somebody has named a regatta afther me, an' wants money enough to buy wather to sail it in."

In obedience the visitors filed in.

They were a nice-looking set.

About as choice a lot of abandoned buccaneers as ever appeared off of the stage.

"A delegation from Owney Geoghegan's, probably," said Muldoon, in an aside.

"Is this Muldoon?" asked the leader of the gang, a tough, bad-hearted, what-d'y-e-say sort of a boy.

"Yes."

"Well," said the other, expectorating a chew of tobacco about the room, "we are the Fairy Baseball Club."

"I am glad to know ye," Muldoon replied. "Did ye bring an ark wid yez?"

"A what?"

"An ark."

"What the blazes do we want with an ark?"

"If ye continue to spit wid such volubility I shall need wan to escape from the flood."

The visitor groaned half suspiciously, as if he did not exactly see the joke.

"I'm the captain of the club," he continued.

"It is proud that they must be av yer."

"Dey are."

"I am glad to know it. To what am I indebted for the honor av yer visit?"

The captain shuffled rather uneasily about on one leg. He looked at his followers, and they looked encouragingly back.

"Ye see," said the captain, desperately, "we want to raise money enough ter go to England to show them bloody English duffers how to play ball."

"I will allow yez to," said Muldoon; "I'll give yez a permit in black an' white, if ye so desire, wid me official seal, an' a nanny goat on a pie plate on the top."

"Ah, blazes!" disgustedly said he, "can't yer tumble?"

"What do I want to tumble for?"

"Yer ain't fly."

"I know I am not a fly."

"Oh, come off!" growled the captain; "we want yer to come down."

"Faix, as I am not on top of a roof or a stepladder, I am unable to come down."

The captain seemed to entertain suspicions that Muldoon was a sort of amiable lunatic.

"So yez won't give us any rocks?" he asked.

"Begorra! I don't even own a cobble-stone, barrin' a rock. Do yez take me for a quarry?" replied Muldoon, willfully mis-understanding.

"You're a pretty pill for an alderman," scornfully said the leader of the "Fairies." "You won't give us any money to help us along!"

"I'll be dommed if I will!"

The captain brought his club down on the table with a whack.

"You don't git one of our votes," he says.

"Let's clear out the place!"

"Hit the tarrier with a slung-shot!"

"Kick the table over!"

"Slug the Tipperary miser!"

Such were a few of the suggestions offered by his gentle followers.

Muldoon began to get scared.

"There is murdher in their eyes, an' massacree in their gesture," he said.

It seemed so.

The "Fairy" captain had already kicked the stuffing out of the sofa, and was apparently preparing to dislocate the rest of the furniture when Muldoon interfered

"Are yez Muldoon men?" asked he.

"Ivery one of us," replied one of the crowd, with a wink.

"Yez will vote for me if I help yez along to paralyze England?"

"Six times apiece!"

Muldoon discovered twenty dollars somewhere about himself, and handed it over.

"Yer will make an alderman that we'll be proud of," said the captain. "We'll elect you, old man rocks."

"Yer can bet yer lung!" chorused the rest of the visitors enthusiastically.

Then they filed out.

Several things went with them. In fact, about all of the small portable articles in the room.

"It wur a mercy that the front door is stuck on tight, or they'd a carried that off for a home base," sighed Muldoon.

"A nice crowd of supporters you have!" sneered Roger.

Muldoon took up a potato on the end of his fork.

"Roger," said he, peeling the potato, "let me relate to yez a maxim."

"Undo it."

"Ameriky is a free countrhy."

"There is a popular ghost story to that effect."

"Ivery man is as good as any other man."

"What of it?"

"Those fellows' votes are jist as good to me as if they wore pink tights an' drew up to the door in a red-wheeled barouche. Do you moind it?"

Muldoon's further political experiences were sunshiny.

He was running in a strong Democratic ward, had the endorsement of Tammany, and his opponent was a man too genteel to be appreciated by the rough-and-ready voters of the district.

Therefore Muldoon had a clear path to success.

For about three weeks he rushed about with scarcely any rest, making a speech here, helping raise a banner there, going along with a target company as an invited guest, and "setting them up" in all the rum mills in town for the benefit of the "boys."

At last election arrived.

Muldoon was as nervous as could be.

He did not go to the polls in person.

Major Gusher was the leading spirit in his canvass.

At 11 A. M. the major rushed in with a woebegone expression of face.

"We are ruined!" said he.

"What!" yelled Muldoon.

"It is so. The opposition have got every man of the Casey Social Club blind drunk, and got them locked up in a cellar. They won't let them out till after election."

"What will we do?"

"I give it up. I have imported a delegation of niggers from Thompson street, but the whole lot of them have already voted at every polling place in the ward for you."

"Can't yez borry a few Italians?"

"I have, and six Chinese, too. The Caseys are a great loss." Muldoon was at once plunged into the depths of despair.

"Have a bucket av prussic acid ready, Roger," said he. "If I don't get elected I will commit suicide if it kills me!"

"Brace up," advised Roger, who had stolen every ash barrel in the ward to make election bonfires with, and, consequently, was happy.

"Go down to the polls and vote yourself."

Muldoon did.

He came back in a tearing passion.

"There were a sucker down there that challenged me vote," he said.

"Did he?" Roger drawled.

"Yis; he said 'animals were not allowed to vote.' He called me a terrier gorilla."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing—but Roger—"

"Well?"

"There was a friend of mine, McGlincy Columbus, the prize fighter. He up wid his fist an' the sucker went home on three different shutters. While they were fighting I stuffed the ballot-box wid sixty tickets."

"For yerself?"

"Would yez believe it, Roger, wid the devil's luck I got hold av the wrong tickets. Be Heavens! I have put in sixty votes for me opponent, bad cess to his soul!"

Roger could not, to save his soul, help laughing. It was Muldoon all over. Nobody but he could have made such a brilliant mistake.

Toward night matters grew brighter. The Caseys succeeded in escaping, and voted to a man for Muldoon.

Muldoon, though, was left in the dark concerning matters.

All of his faithful henchmen, including Gusher, were either gloriously tight or in the station-house.

Muldoon waited impatiently for an extra.

Presently he detected the howl of a newsboy in the air.

He rushed frantically out.

"Extra—extra!" he screamed.

The boy responded.

He knew Muldoon.

"Extra, old fireworks?" asked he.

Muldoon was too much excited to notice the disrespectful mode of salutation.

"What is the extra about, me boy?" asked he, with his habitual caution.

"Big news."

"What is it?"

"It's terrible!"

"What's terrible?"

"The news."

"Well, fwhat is it?"

"Mary Ann Fresh stabbed herself with a cooking stove."

"If I had a club I'd paralyze yez!" yelled Muldoon, "coming around here a-deafening dacent folk wid yer taffy about Mary Ann Fresh stabbing herself wid a cooking stove. Shure, I don't care if she shot herself wid a range."

"Political news, too," grinned the boy.

"Arrah, now ye is recovering your sinses. What is it?"

"What's what?"

"The political news."

"It's about Muldoon."

"What about him?"

"He's defeated by a majority of six millions."

"For the love of St. Patrick, give me a paper," gasped the Solid Man, flinging down a dime.

The boy clutched it eagerly, and shoved a paper into Muldoon's extended hand.

Muldoon was not over half an hour looking at it.

On the first page, in big type, was the heading:

POLITICAL NEWS!

MULDOON ELECTED!

RIGHT TRIUMPHS!

5,000 MAJORITY FOR MULDOON!

SCENES AT THE POLLS. ETC., ETC."

Muldoon felt like Cæsar may have felt when he was offered the royal crown.

He waltzed into the house, actually and really waltzed.

"Got 'em again," sighed Roger; "he thinks he's a-top."

"Roger," bawled Muldoon, "go out to the blacksmith's shop and bring me in a tin-dollar saygar."

"What?"

"Purchase me a cistern of whisky. Give me five dollars in pennies, till I throw them out av the windy. Whoop!"

"She's a darling—she's a daisy;
She's a dumpling—she's a lamb;
You should hear her play
On the pi-an-a;
Such an educated hen is me Mary Ann."

And Muldoon glided wildly around the room, and polkaed with a chair.

Roger looked at him in complete astonishment.

"He's clear off of his cabase," he muttered; "maybe I'd better get a rope and tie him fast."

"Whoop!" howled Muldoon, slamming down the chair, and breaking into a wild Irish jig. "Light up the chateau. Put a bonfire in every windy—burn up the front airy, if ye desire. Roger—Roger, me bye!"

"What is it?"

"I am elected!"

"What?"

"Yis, by fifty-five million majority. Howly Vargin, but I am a solid man now. I have an order to stop the Mississippi river from running."

"Let me congratulate you," said Roger, extending his hand, for he was sincerely glad of his uncle's success.

In his haste he knocked a small card table over and smashed it.

"Never mind," said Muldoon, taking his nephew's hand in a hearty clasp; "now that I am an alderman we'll have the house furnished over. Be Heavens, Roger, we'll have pink satin chairs in ivy apartment, and a parlor organ in the bath-room. Whoop—hurrah! Three cheers for Alderman Muldoon, ye you devil!"

CHAPTER XI.

It was no use of talking, Muldoon was highly elated over his election. So much so, that he tipped a little too much.

He went out with a party of friends, including Gusher and Jimmy Looseclothes.

They made a grand inspection of all the liquor saloons in the ward.

The result was frequent fits of despair. At about 1 o'clock Muldoon found himself alone.

He had survived all of his companions. Gusher he had left

on top of a small one-storyed blacksmith shop, spouting politics to a flock of paralyzed doves. As for Jimmy Looseclothes, he was down in a dark alley boxing vigorously with an ash barrel which he insisted had tripped him up and jumped on him.

Muldoon was in an oh-be-joyful state of rum exhilaration.

He wanted somebody to tie a string to him and let him play monkey—wanted to waltz down the street with sleigh bells on and get hit by a brick.

So he concluded to have a quiet Fourth of July all by himself.

His first attempt at fun was to fire a cobble-stone through the window of a respectable dwelling.

Out popped a night-capped head.

"What in blank blankness is the matter?" savagely it demanded.

"Ter'ble day for zer race," stammered Muldoon.

"What race?" angrily the head asked.

"Human race!" yelled Muldoon, with a burst of idiotic laughter. "Whoop, old man, caught yez ag'in!"

The head disappeared to reappear with a big horse-pistol.

"You drunken fool, if you don't scoot out of here in five minutes I'll put a bullet through you," said the pistol's owner.

Muldoon staggered off.

"I'm alderman of zis district, and he Heaven! I will change that sucker into a tape-wurum!" he muttered.

Then he commenced kicking ash barrels over.

A policeman interfered.

"Stop that!" he yelled.

By way of obedience, Muldoon kicked two over.

"Will you cheese that?" howled the policeman.

Muldoon's only reply was a lordly wave of the hand and the raising of a soap box with his foot.

The policeman crossed the street and grabbed Muldoon by the shoulder.

"Drop on that," ordered he.

"Do yez know my individuality?" asked Muldoon.

"I know you'll get a good clubbing if you don't stop," said the peeler.

"I am Terrence Muldoon!"

"I dont care if you're Jakey Codfish, you've got to move on."

"Beware," said Muldoon, solemnly, "I am black-hearted."

"What?"

"I'm bad to the bone."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Whin I hit, death immediately pursues."

The peeler took Muldoon by the collar, and endeavored to drag him to the station-house.

Muldoon didn't see it.

He hauled off and presented the cop with a dexterous blow under the ear. The policeman tumbled like a log.

"Begorra, I'm the bye for reorganizing the perlice," shouted Muldoon, as he swaggered along, continuing his pleasant sport of upsetting ash barrels, varying the monotony of the thing occasionally by ringing door bells and humorously yelling "fire."

Presently he heard the sound of rapid footsteps behind him. He looked around.

The policeman who had accosted him, and whom he had knocked down, was pursuing him.

But not alone.

He had a second officer with him.

Muldoon's first impulse was to stand still and fight.

"Shure, I can lick the whole perlice force av the city an' Flatbush in the bargain," he said. "It is meself that is a terror."

Second thought, though, told him that to do so would be apt to result disastrously for himself.

The police might not be agreeable. They might object to getting licked and lick him.

"I belave I'll get upon the roof av me chateau an' heave the

chimney at them, one brick at, a toime," he reconsidered.
"Here is me house now."

It wasn't.

It was the house next door.

Muldoon, though, didn't know the difference.

He stumbled up the steps.

Two stone dogs guarded the door, being put there for ornaments, as is the custom in some houses in New York.

Muldoon couldn't tell whether they were stone or putty.

He took them for real dogs.

"Begorra, the city is in a fearful state, when I find dogs on me porch. Next I expect to encounter giraffes on aich windysilli. I wondher would they bite?" grumbled he.

He tried persuasion first.

"Pretty dogs, iligant purps, will yez kindly evacuate?" asked he.

The dogs did not move.

"Will yez skip the gutter, yez beautiful kiyoodies?"

The dogs still maintained their position.

The policemen were rapidly approaching.

He was in a dilemma.

Before him, dogs, and possibly, hydrophobia; behind him, policemen, and, probably, a station-house, and ten dollars fine.

He gathered up all of his courage.

"I'll kick the dogs if they bite me fut off," resolved he.

He swung his foot.

And gave those stone dogs a kick which, had they been alive, would have knocked them inside out.

Being stone dogs, it did not affect them for a cent.

It did Muldoon, though.

He clasped his foot in his hand and hopped around in perfect agony.

"Those dommed dogs have been banqueting on rocks!" he shrieked, as he rushed by them. "I suppose our back yard will be full of iron-ating cats that yez can't kill wid nothing short av a stame sleigh-hammer."

He drew out his night-key.

Hurriedly he inserted it into the lock.

The row of houses in which Muldoon lived were all similar and provided with the same locks.

Therefore Muldoon's key fitted his neighbor's latch just as good as it did his own.

He dodged in.

The two policemen were at his heels.

"Stop!" yelled one.

"Do yez take me for 'Grandfather's Clock?'" howled back Muldoon, dashing upstairs; "I niver stop."

At the head of the stairs he fell over a cradle.

He picked himself up and looked at it in astonishment.

"Phat in the divil is a cradle doing here?" he reflected. "Roger couldn't have been buying himself a wax doll to play wid. Perhaps it is a birthday prisen to meself. I'll be after expectin' a new corset for my New Year's."

Leaving the explanation of the cradle problem to another time, he wended his way to what he took to be his room.

The door was slightly ajar.

He pushed it open and walked in.

A light was dimly burning.

He staggered to the bureau.

A glass with two sets of false teeth stood there.

He gazed at them with eyes as big as saucers.

"Store teeth, or I'm a liar!" he exclaimed. "Terence Muldoon, yez are drunk. First yez discover a cradle in yer hall, an' next a double-deck av teeth in yer beer glass. I wondher will I find a cork leg if I luk into the spittoon?"

Just then he backed up against a chair.

A dress and hoopskirt were hanging over the back.

"I suppose it is Vassar College I have strayed into," he said. "I will be breakin' me neck over a pile of chewing gum in a second."

He raised the window and threw out the dress and hoopskirt.

As he did so he brushed something off of the window-sill.

He stooped and picked it up.

It was a rubber rattle.

"It is not Vassar College, it is a foundling asylum for distressed widdys," murmured he, surveying the rattle; "probably I will find a monkey on a stick in me shaving cup, and a ring to cut me gums on in the bureau drawer. I belave I have got the jim-jams. How many fingers have I? If I see twenty I will send out for a docther."

Muldoon carefully held up his hands.

Carefully he counted his fingers.

"Eight fingers and two thumbs. I am all right," he said, with a sigh of relief.

He took off his coat.

"I belave I shall retire to bed."

Undressing with the exception of his boots—he forgot all about them—he started to go to bed.

He reached it.

He cast one look at it, and started back in consternation.

A man and woman and three small children were quietly snoozing away therein.

"Av all the gilt-edged cheeks, this takes the cake!" gasped he. "Five in me bed!"

The audacity of the proceeding seemed to paralyze Muldoon for a while.

He stood as still as a statue, and glared at them.

"I've got the divil av a moind to set fire to the quilt, and see them singe," was his first thought.

But a better idea came to his relief.

"I'll paralyze the suckers wid fright," grinned he.

He had a revolver in his pocket—one of these patent revolvers that are warranted to hit anything that they are not aimed at.

He pulled it out, and deliberately shot the whole seven barrels at the sleepers.

He hit everything else in the room except the sleepers.

For one of the cartridges burst, and nearly blinded him. Including himself.

The noise of the revolver, however, produced one effect.

It effectually woke up the slumberers in the bed.

They all tumbled out in alarm.

"Robbers!" shrieked the woman, catching sight of Muldoon.

"Murder!" yelled the man, making a dive for some hiding place, while the children yelled in all the different keys.

"I'll slaughter the gang!" Muldoon howled, by way of assuring them, as he waved his pistol wildly around.

"Police!" called out the woman, rushing behind the headboard of the bed, where the man followed her.

As for the children, they dived under the bed and screamed shrilly.

The noise of the racket attracted the attention of the two policemen, who had tracked Muldoon, and who were lingering about the door in hopes that he might reappear.

In a trice the sturdy guardians of the public peace had broken in the door and effected an entrance.

"This way," called Jones, making his way into the room from whence all of the noise issued.

Muldoon had crawled into bed and pulled the quilt over him. All that was visible of him was a few ends of his hair.

"Get up!" he shouted to Muldoon.

"Arrest him," begged the man behind the bed; "he's got a pistol."

"And a razor," joined in his wife.

"And a spear."

"And a gun."

"And a putty-blower."

Yelled the children from underneath the bed.

"Yez lie!" roared Muldoon; "I have a Turkish cimeter, and a battherry av blow-guns."

"What has he done?" asked Jones, of the woman of the house.

"Attempted to assassinate us all," was the answer.

"I think he wanted to abduct me," said the lady.

Muldoon got up in bed.

He took a look at the fair speaker.

She was not one whose surpassing beauty would bring princes to her feet, and cause men of action and men of might to sound her soft praises on the pensive lute.

Indeed, she was as homely as a salt water catfish.

"Abduct yez," said Muldoon; "me abduct yez! Faith, I'd rather abduct a hyena."

"Oh, you villain," said she, her courage returning with the presence of a policeman, "I'd like to tear your whiskers off."

"Come along," said Jones, turning up the gas, "we've fooled with you long enough."

For the first time the owners of the room saw Muldoon's face.

The lady uttered a scream of surprise.

"Why, it's Mr. Muldoon!" she cried.

Muldoon braced himself up.

"Missus Brown," said he, reproachfully, "how did yez git into me chamber?"

"Why, this is my own room," said the lady.

Mr. Brown, who had emerged from behind the bed, actually laughed.

"Muldoon, old man, you've drank too much," said he. "You've got into the wrong house."

Muldoon took one more look about.

"Be Heavens, yez are right," said he. "Yez will plaze to excuse me. Ye see me success has got to me head. It is not whisky, but a fit of exhilaration."

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the young Browns readily excused Muldoon's conduct.

As for the two policemen, Muldoon took them to his house—he found it this time—treated them to dirks and cigars, and promised to make captains at least of every one of them. They parted on the best of terms.

Next day Muldoon got up rejoicing. He felt good.

Everybody congratulated him, and he felt high-cock-a-lorum.

That evening a bright idea struck him.

He went to his room and began dressing in his best.

Roger dropped in while the operation was going on.

"Why all this gaudiness?" asked Roger.

Muldoon gave him a wink of great elaborateness.

"I'm going to mash a lady," said he.

"I know who it is," Roger laughed.

"Who?"

"The widow."

"Yez have conjectured correctly. Roger, would yez put on me blue suspenders wid pink parrots that the widdy made fur me wid her own swate hands?"

"Of course—go as gorgeous as possible."

He took a short-tailed car to the Widow Halorahan's house.

He went up the stairs, and knocked at her door.

Evidently the widow took him for a peddler.

For she called out:

"I don't want any matches or shoe blacking. Got all of the stove polish I want, and yez can go west wid your shoe buttons."

"Shure, she takes me fur a bloody foreign peddler," he said, as he rapped again.

"Who is it?" asked the widow, impatiently.

"Me."

"Who are yez?"

"Meself."

"What's your name?"

"Me father's before me. Arrah, Mrs. Halorahan, I am fly."

"Thin, bedad, I'll come out wid a broom an' make yez fly."

"She's getting mad," reflected Muldoon. "I will not kape

her in suspense. Mrs. Halorahan, it is Terrence Muldoon, alderman, that is awaiting your pleasure."

The widow came to the door in a hurry.

"Is it really you?" cried she, in delight.

"I should smile to blush."

"Come right in and sit by the fire. Yez are welcome as the flowers in May."

Muldoon went in.

He took the seat of honor by the cheerfully blazing grate fire.

He looked about the room.

Everything was neat and orderly; the widow's cat purred peacefully by the fire; the window's canary fluttered and twittered in its cage, and the white, tasty lace curtains hung gracefully from the windows, shutting out entirely the outside world.

Altogether it was a perfect home picture, and it attracted Muldoon, nay, fascinated Muldoon.

From surveying the widow's room Muldoon naturally passed on to surveying the widow herself.

She was good-looking, was plump and well-formed, and one little foot peeped slyly out from beneath her skirt, showing a shapely slipper and a mere atom of red stocking.

"Begob, if she'll have me I'll jump at the chance," mentally resolved Muldoon.

He moved his chair up to hers.

"Have yez heard that I have been elected alderman?" asked he.

"Yis," answered the widow.

"I am a great man now."

"Ye are so, Terrence."

"It is a great responsibility, Bridget."

"I suspect so."

"I am half afraid it would be the death av me to share it alone."

"Why don't ye get somebody to help yez?" asked the widow, blushing.

"Who?" Muldoon queried.

"Don't yez think, Terry, ye are old enough—to—to—"

"To what?"

"To get married?" said the widow, peering with great apparent interest at the fire, and blushing more than ever.

"But who will have me?"

"There are lots of women who would jump at the chance," said she.

Muldoon unbuttoned his coat.

"I must have air," said he, silently.

"Muldoon, yez will do it now or never. Brace up, ye sucker!"

He gently stole one arm about the widow's waist.

"Bridget Halorahan!" shouted he, with a very red face, "will yez marry me?"

"Yis," faintly whispered the widow, as she laid her head on his shoulder, and looked trustfully up into his face.

* * * * *

Our story is done. Of course Muldoon married the widow. And that put an end to his rackets.

Now, if you look into the Muldoon mansion any night, you will find Muldoon rocking a cradle containing twin Muldoons, and singing at the top of his voice: "Baby Mine."

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